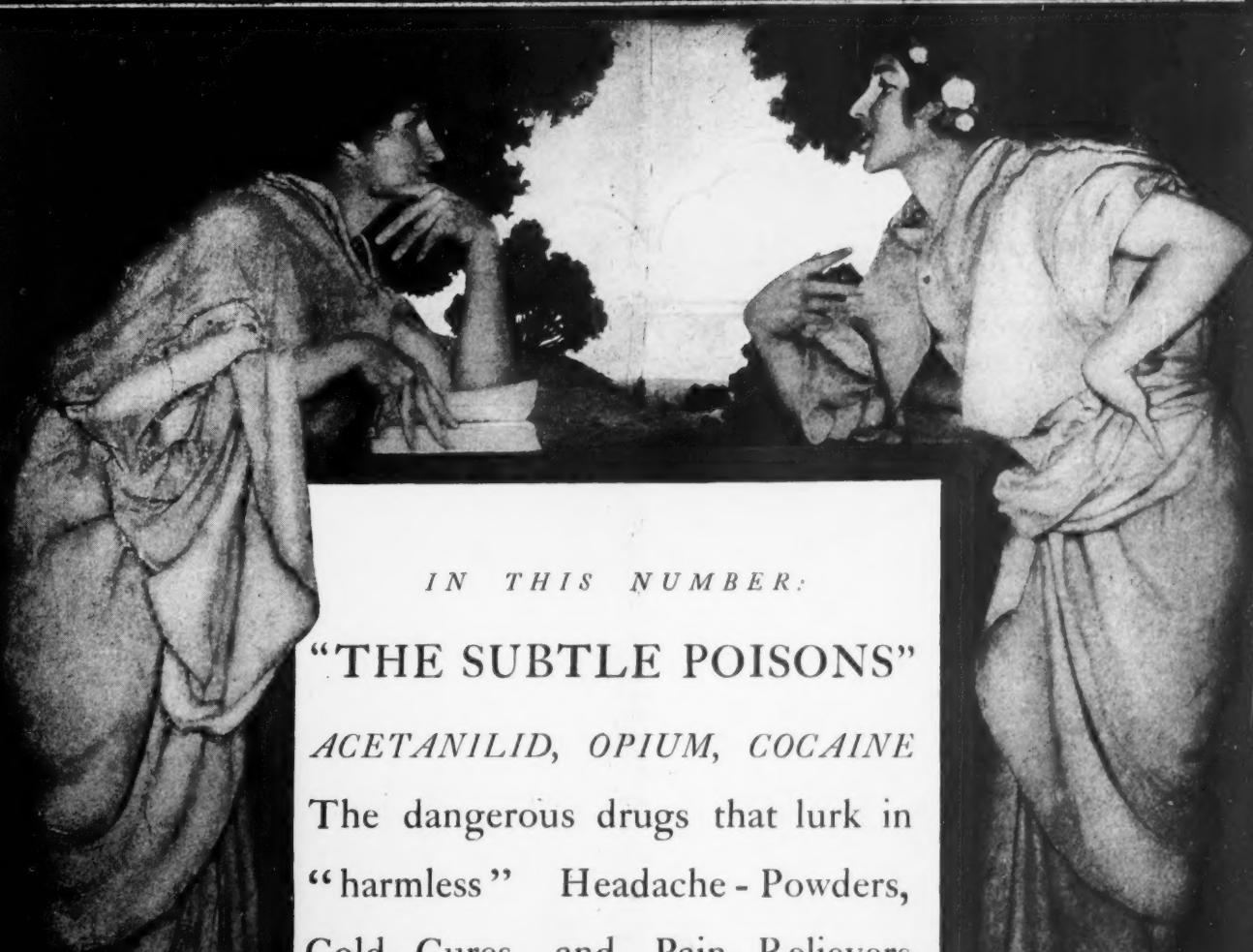


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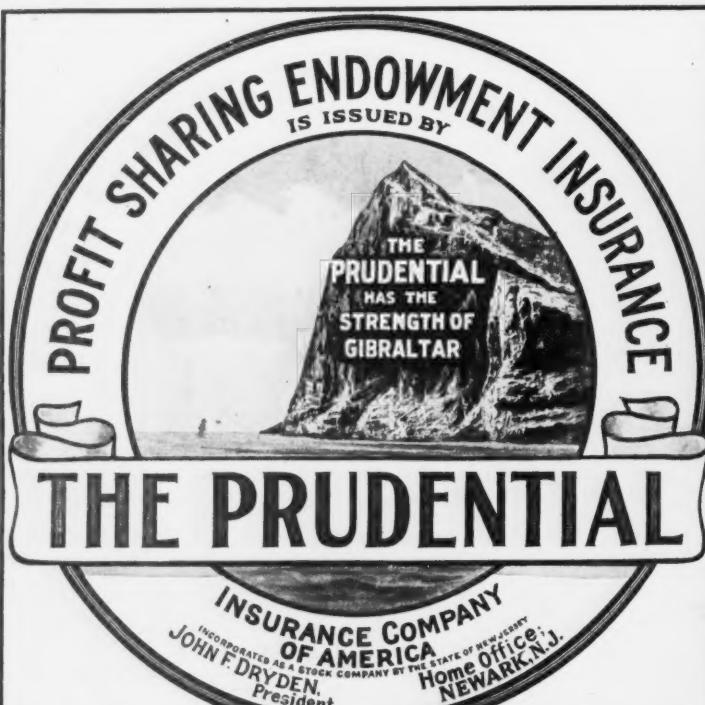


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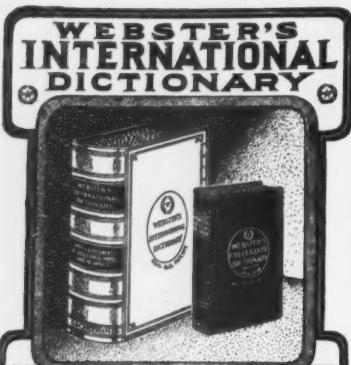


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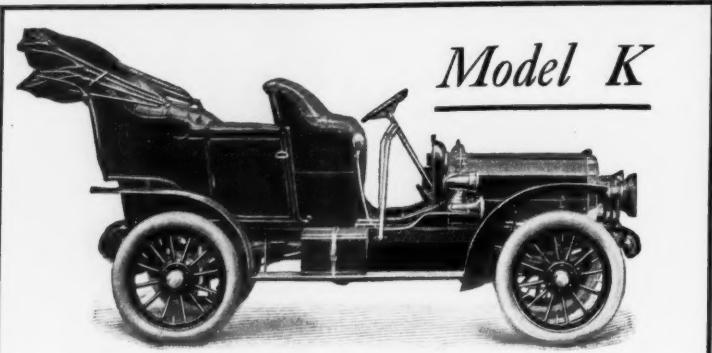
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(Signed) CLARA DONER."

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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE RED FLAG AT ST. PETERSBURG

ONE OF THE STORM CENTRES OF AGITATION AND RIOT NEAR THE UNIVERSITY



**A** LONG WITH SIMPLIFYING BALLOTS, in the interests of independent voting and honest counts, should go a lessening of the offices which are elective. The people should vote for only so many officials as they can learn something of, and this limited number should appoint the rest. Legislative positions, and perhaps a very few of the more responsible executive ones, are all that should properly be filled directly. The rest should be appointed by these elected delegates of the people. What can the public in large communities know of the qualifications of SNOOKS for sheriff, of JOHN SMITH for coroner, of DINKELESPIEL for county clerk or treasurer, or of other men to be judges, food commissioners, surveyors, constables, assessors, auditors, tax collectors, and registers of deeds? Voting for so many offices introduces confusion, increases the power of politicians, distracts attention, and lessens the people's power. The ideal condition would be for us to know all about the men we elect and hold them responsible for everything. The right government for a free American city is a board of aldermen who appoint not only minor executive officials, but—we dare say it—even the mayor. If their delegates had such power as that the people would keep awake and see that the men they wanted were in office.

**A** LEAGUE OF MAYORS for the promotion of home rule is being formed in Ohio. Perhaps league is too strong a word. It is an informal association for work toward a common end—the enfranchisement of cities from the State. TOM JOHNSON of Cleveland, Judge DEMPSEY of Cincinnati, GRANGER of Columbus, and BRANT WHITLOCK of Toledo have already reached a common working basis, and of the other Ohio mayors, those who are interested in good government are expected to join the movement. A similar association exists in Wisconsin and might well be introduced elsewhere, as a step toward forcing State Legislatures to allow cities to manage their own affairs and work out their own salvation. A mayor can always do something if he wishes, though, of course, the amount depends largely on the city charter. In Cincinnati, for example, nobody expected the Republican grasp to be shaken off when Judge DEMPSEY was nominated. He happens to be a good man, but when the reformers found they had won, they set about reading the city charter and discovered that immense power lay in a certain board which they, never expecting victory, had filled with anybody who would run. The results of this haphazard but characteristic performance are yet to be seen. Cincinnati, nevertheless, is expected to improve under the new régime, and at least a part of what JOHNSON has done for Cleveland seems likely to spread over the other cities of Ohio. The time will come when it will seem more honorable to do something real for the advancement of one's city toward purity and freedom than to make a fortune or seize a Federal office.

**I**N THE DIRE CORRUPTION being turned open by the insurance inquiry we wish to point out a little ray of magnanimity. Many policy-holders in the big three are compelled to borrow money to pay premiums. Thousands of these are industrious, deserving men, who never know a vacation, but work always for the safety of their families. After much talk these companies decided to lend this money themselves, as an exhibit of special magnanimity. Of course, they have the policies as security. The security is excellent, as good as any security could be, if the companies live up to the legal reserve; but still it passed as a huge concession. Did you ask the rate? **GENERALITY** Let us see. The presidents and trustees of the companies have been voting loans to themselves, their friends and families, at one and one-half per cent, on the ground that money was cheap in New York. What, then, should be the rate of interest, on perfect security, to policy-holders? It is five per cent interest, paid in advance. To be sure. Should we not thank the companies for letting the policy-holders get a look in at any price? What is life insurance but a private business, with a little charity for the policy-holders whenever it is convenient? Charity is the greatest of the virtues, and mercy droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven, and becomes the throned monarch better than his crown. Hurrah for the big three!

**W**E PRAISE THE PRESIDENT. We like to do it as often as we can, for in the main his influence is good. But he does commit now and again the most unspeakable acts of callousness and inconsistency. Having no certainty in his tariff views, he is particularly likely to go astray on that topic, as we wander most naturally where we understand least. So grossly ill-mannered was his treatment of Mr. HENRY M. WHITNEY that disapproval was outspoken even in many papers that are usually subservient. Everybody believes Mr. WHITNEY's version of that interview on reciprocity, both as to its content and as to its official and non-secret nature, for his version is supported by other members of the committee, by the probabilities, by the President's known views, and also by our Chief **TOO BAD** Magistrate's habit of officially and often rudely denying statements which he has rashly made. What was the "context" Mr. ROOSEVELT makes so much of? Let him supply any context he can invent, it will hardly make his case the stronger. How arrogant Mr. ROOSEVELT was, also, how inexcusably almighty, in talking about the "impossibility" of his, the great Ruler of this land, discussing such a question with a mere citizen, and then proceeding to discuss it with more heat by far than light. If the tariff question, as to reciprocity, or in other forms, can not be kept down, it would be well for Mr. ROOSEVELT if Mr. LODGE could spend a year or two abroad. The Senator seems to own too much of the President's soul.

**I**NDIAN TERRITORY VOTED last month in a way that strongly supported the movement for joint statehood, and that movement certainly seems to be gaining in Arizona. At least it can not longer be said truthfully, if it ever could, that the people of Arizona are "a unit in opposition to joint statehood." How far it is a fight of disinterested opinion, how far the corporations are interested, and to what extent it is all a mere skirmishing of the Republicans and Democrats for representation at Washington and in Presidential elections, we do not pretend to calculate. W. S. BURKE, editor of the "Morning Journal," of Albuquerque, New Mexico, writes us a vigorous and apparently straightforward letter, in which, on **STATEHOOD** the basis of twenty-four years' residence in New Mexico, he declares that, while perhaps a majority would prefer to have New Mexico admitted alone as a State, a much greater majority would accept union with Arizona rather than to remain a Territory. Like many others, he charges that those who hold or seek Federal office in the Territories have a direct personal interest in maintaining the present status, but pretend to favor single statehood to avoid the only change possible at present, which is to joint statehood. It will be a hot contest at Washington this winter, with the chances seeming greater for admission than they have ever seemed before.

**W**HY DID NORWAY decide against a republican form of government by nearly four votes to one? When Russia is having such convulsions in the process of tempering absolutism, it surprises many spectators, especially in the United States, to see democratic Norway choosing a king by so overwhelming a majority. Monarchy stands in most American minds for tyranny; the republican form of government, for liberty; although recent political thought has been in the direction of considering more the substance and less the form. In Europe liberty has been gained more completely than in the other great nations in a country which has lately been proving **MONARCHY** AND REPUBLIC more instead of less wedded to the monarchic form. While not as free yet, by any means, as England, Italy is progressing rapidly toward genuine liberty. Norway probably believed that the family associations of her sovereign would be a protection against the stronger powers, and her people understood that popular government could exist for them with a king as fully as it does for England. Switzerland is safe as a republic, but Norway's position is much more precarious, standing as she does in the pathway of ambitious nations to the sea.

**J**APANESE ARE POLITE. Minister TAKAHIRA is a Japanese. Nevertheless there is plausibility enough in his praise of women to lend it a pleasure-giving quality. He thinks our women have done much to create a national feeling friendly to Japan, and he finds the American female marked by tenacity, aggressive-



ness in imparting her convictions, charm of personality, daring, and absolute freedom from self-interest. Our press, says Mr. TAKAHIRA, tried to induce the public to reflect upon the future of American interests in the Orient, but in vain; our feelings were unfettered by any calculation. Was this not largely the work of woman? Mr. TAKAHIRA hints it was. Not for him to ignore the less obvious moldings of opinion. Epochal events, he believes, have much to do with "the gentler hours of a nation's life, with silken arenas, with smiles and whispers behind fans." The images are Japanese, but the thought is universal. "And in America this fact is emphasized by the high intelligence of the American woman." Mr. TAKAHIRA is gracious, and is there reason to doubt his truth?

TAKAHIRA ON OUR LADIES

FROM DETROIT COMES "The Retail Druggist," "published monthly in the interest of the entire drug trade." Its editor is saddened because he feels that we have gone wrong in attacking the patent medicine frauds. With a kindly purpose of enlightenment, he sends us a copy of his November issue, asking us to read three editorials on patent medicines. "They voice the sentiment of the retail druggists of the country," writes this gentleman in his accompanying letter, "who, you will admit, is [sic] closer to his customers and general public than any weekly or monthly publication in the country." Well, we have read the three editorials, and we are proud of the feat. It took patience. There is nothing in them that the Proprietary Association of America hasn't said in other organs, and said better. From the editorials we turn with genuine interest to an advertisement on another page, headed "Rheumatism DRUGS OR WITCHCRAFT? Now Relieved by Science." The relief is obtained by the elimination of uric acid from the blood. Testimonials are printed in proof of efficacy. And the agency? "It is all done by wearing an odd-looking ring on the finger. . . . The cure is complete. A trial always convinces the most sceptical. One ring for an ordinary case is sold for \$2.00. Beware of spurious imitations!" (The exclamation points are ours.) We wonder if this advertisement, with the ludicrous swindling it implies, "voices the sentiment of the retail druggists of the country." Is the drug trade reverting to its ancient days of exorcism and love philtres? Or is our correspondent's publication, perhaps, a libel on the very business interests it pretends to uphold?

TO SAVE NIAGARA would be as fine an act as our Congress could accomplish at its approaching session. The thoughts of men in regard to legislation are mainly turned to matters related ultimately to the price of food, but we can not help thinking it might profit them to spare a little interest for the saving of natural beauty from the money sharks. Mr. ROOSEVELT PRESERVE THE FALLS! is reported as being interested in this work of rescue. If he is, the co-operation of our Government with Canada ought not be impossible of accomplishment. Anybody who prefers to have this great spectacle remain as nature made it, instead of being turned to ugliness in order to enrich a few magnates in the electric power business, should state this preference to his Congressman.

THE DUTY ON ART is to be subject to another attack at Washington this winter, and the campaign promises to be more vigorous than those which have preceded. In nothing have Americans been educated more rapidly than in their respect for beauty. Once an interest in it was looked upon as something effete, much as a half-grown boy regards his sister's attentions to a doll. Men plumed themselves on knowing nothing about aesthetic matters, beyond "knowing what they liked," which was always bad. Architecture has improved marvelously in the United States of late, and so have the applied arts. As part of this A RELIC OF BARBARISM increasing aesthetic civilization, disgust with the tariff provisions about art has steadily grown more keen, and perhaps it is now ready to kill the stupid provisions that remain as a monument to former ignorance. In this respect the East is the more sensible fraction of the country, and the strongest opposition comes from Senators and Representatives of the West, headed by the self-satisfied and unteachable UNCLE JOE. The best artists, the most intelligent newspapers, and men and women of education are a unit in favor of making art free, whenever that sacred tariff can be touched.

MORE MORAL THAN WE, or different in morality, some of our readers, especially of the gender to which we acknowledge an especial homage, have objected to the subjects of several recent stories. On "M'iss's Child" there have been comments of severity, although on the other hand one woman says it ought to be printed broadcast as a tract enforcing the greatest of the virtues. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX writes: "Will you please throw the searchlight on the shadowy path that your \$1,000 prize story led into as the climax? Talk of 'The Lady and the Tiger' —that finale was clear sunlight compared to your 'Sick-A-Bed Lady.' Did she die? Did she get well? Was the baby born? . . . Oh, do explain and save the fagged brain of an interested and constant reader from utter exhaustion!" The objection which lands most fairly on the story is this: "He must have been a very young doctor indeed to have been unable to diagnose a plain case. . . . That a reputable physician should make strenuous love to a patient (a young woman of unknown antecedents) while under his care, and suffering from physical and mental disorders, is to my thinking a rather unwholesome state of affairs, both unnatural and unprofessional. While the Young Doctor was embracing and kissing his demented patient he would have been better employed in reading up on 'The Ethics of the Practice of Medicine,' or some elementary work on gynecology." And he suggests that the title of the tale could have been appropriately changed to "The Sick-A-Bed Story." Nor does "The Durn Fool" escape. "It is to be regretted that this excellent story should also depend for its dénouement upon a confinement. Two accouchements *seriatim* in one issue of the magazine is rather an embarrassment of riches." We are glad to explain that this emphasis of one theme was accidental. We are not hopelessly addicted to it. Indeed, the stories which will be most prominent for the next four months have nothing to do with it. We take the best stories, whatever theme they treat, and the rest is in the hands of chance.

ETHICS OF FICTION

THE CLEVEREST CRITICISMS of the last prize story have been favorable, with one exception. Many years ago MARK TWAIN wrote a story of a king who, in default of a son, palmed off a daughter on his unsuspecting subjects as heir to the throne. A neighboring potentate desired a matrimonial alliance between his daughter and the supposed prince, and strenuous efforts to pull off the match were made by all concerned, except the masquerading lady. After all other means had failed, the potentate made the assertion, corroborated by his daughter, that she—the daughter —was about to become the mother of a child of which the prince was declared to be the father. At this point, with the unhappy girl-prince confronted by this embarrassing accu-  
SOME EXPERT OPINIONS  
sation, Mr. CLEMENS cheerfully observed that, having involved his characters in a predicament from which he could perceive no possible extrication, he would wash his hands of the whole affair. The suggestion that Miss ABBOTT might wisely have followed MARK TWAIN's example comes from an obviously intelligent and cultivated writer, but most trained judges are wholly for her story. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS says it is the best we have published from either contest, although he, like Mr. RUHL, believes its appeal must be confined almost entirely to persons specially versed in the delicacies of style. ROWLAND THOMAS says: "I am delighted to find 'The Sick-A-Bed Lady' in her proper place, but agree with you that 'The Durn Fool' ought to give her a hard run for her money." We reproduce the following with satisfaction:

"NEW YORK, November 14, 1905.

"4:25 P.M.

"DEAR COLLIER'S—Speaking of 'The Sick-A-Bed Lady' (this is not a Pe-  
ru-na testimonial), I have just finished reading it.

"5 o'clock P.M.

"I have just finished reading it again.

"5:05 o'clock P.M.

"I have just begun it again. When I am able to lay it down I may be in a better condition to tell how damn, oh, how damn good it is. But I'd rather read it some more just now. With thanks,

"O. HENRY."

No prize award can satisfy all the world, but we shall be well pleased if in our December decision we are able to find a story of merit as uncontested. We don't object to controversy. The only thing before which we should really quake would be the need of assigning a prize to a story which we ourselves deemed uninspired.

## A JOINT DEBATE OF INSURANCE FINANCIERS

Messrs. Hyde, Harriman, Odell, and Depew telling the stories of their lives to the Investigating Committee. Question: Who committed perjury?



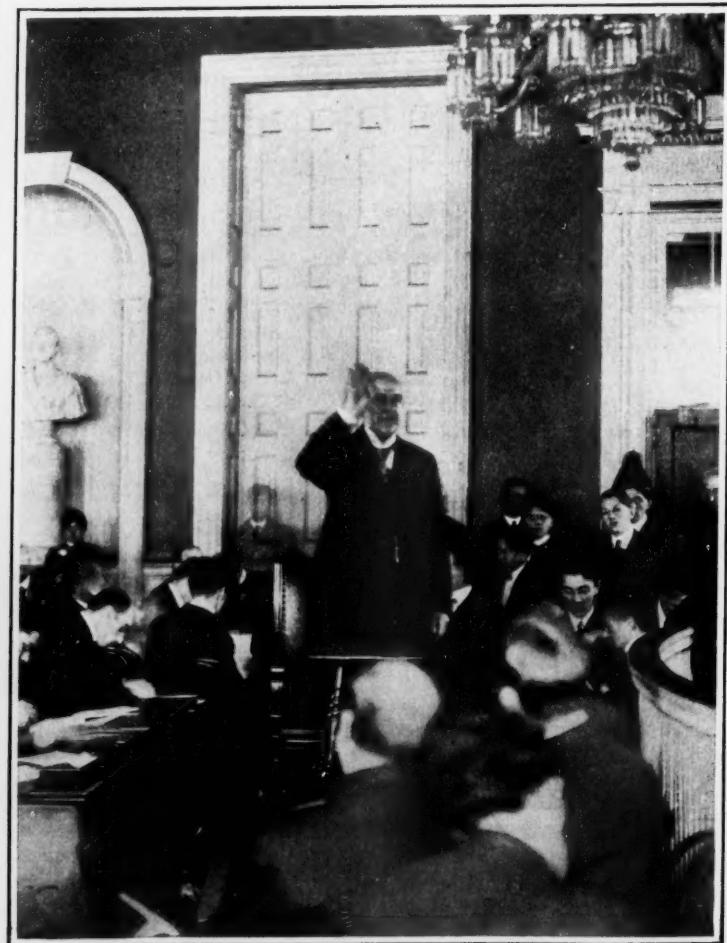
Mr. Hyde telling of the payment of \$75,000 to Gov. Odell and of the kind interest of his friends in the French Ambassadorship. "I think they thought they could acquit themselves of their friendly duty of stewardship with great profit to themselves"



E. H. Harriman: Mr. Hyde "was a young man . . . and if he was to grow and get experienced he would do it better by having around him men who were independent and had had experience in business affairs, who would sustain him and help him"

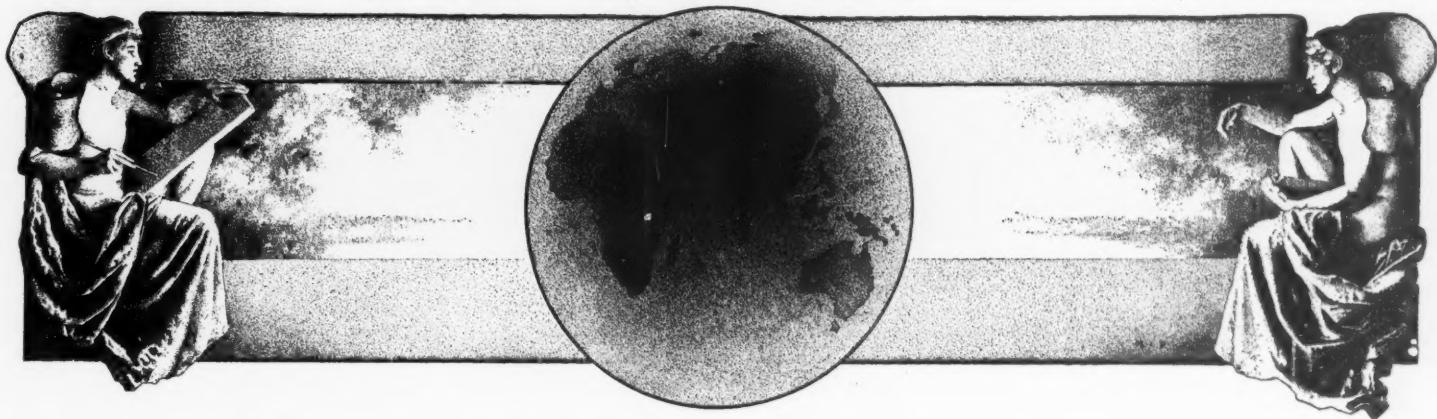


Ex-Governor B. B. Odell on Mr. Hyde's charge that he "held up" the Mercantile Trust Company and compelled it to pay him \$75,000 by a threat through Mr. Harriman to repeal its charter. "There is no truth in that statement, so help me God"



Senator Chauncey M. Depew: "The New York Central grants a great many passes." Campaign contributions "are made for two reasons, one is the protection of the best interests of the society, and the other is—well, I think that is the only one"

# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

**A**FTER a week of terror in which it seemed at times as if society might crumble to pieces, the Russian general strike has been declared off and the outlook has brightened. The testimony of Mr. Hyde has let loose a new flood of insurance scandals. The agitation in favor of electoral reforms is proceeding with undiminished energy. The Civic Federation has issued a call for a national conference on this subject, to meet in New York on January 15 and 16. The London County Council has decided to ask Parliament for authority to supply London and its suburbs with electricity at an estimated cost of \$40,000,000. A delegation of shoe and leather manufacturers called upon President Roosevelt on November 15 to plead for free hides. The President refused to discuss the question on the ground that Mr. Henry M. Whitney had misquoted former remarks of his. Mr. Whitney produced contemporary letters from witnesses to prove that he had quoted the President correctly. The Advisory Board of Engineers has decided to recommend a sea-level canal at Panama. It is supposed that it would take fifteen years and \$230,000,000 to carry out the ap-

proved plans. A strong minority of the board favors a lock canal. Following the popular vote in favor of Prince Charles of Denmark, the Norwegian Parliament on November 18 unanimously called the Prince to the throne. The new King at once accepted, announcing that he would take the name of Haakon VII and have his son named Olaf. The President has been unable to convert the unions of railway workers to his rate policy, and their heads have issued vigorous manifestoes against it. The Southwestern Railway Company's channel steamer *Hilda* ran on the rocks on the coast of Brittany in a snowstorm, November 19, and almost all on board, numbering about a hundred, were lost. The refusal of the Sultan to carry out the reforms demanded by the Powers for Macedonia has led to a combined naval demonstration against him. A proposed arrangement for the control of Liberian finances by England and France, with Liberia's consent, has disturbed Germany, which wishes the United States to join in a protest, but America is not disposed to interfere. The visiting British squadron left New York November 20. "We go," said Prince Louis, "with the greatest regret."

## One of the Times that Try Men's Souls

**R**USSIA has passed through a week of strain in which not merely government but civilization itself has been endangered. She has come out of it with society still alive, and with good grounds for hope for the future. The Russian Revolution differs from all previous modern revolutions in being not merely political but social. The forces behind it are not concerned so much with forms of government as with the question of the fair distribution of the products of labor. No bourgeois republic is possible in Russia. The boat can not be stopped half-way over Niagara—if the monarchy falls, the government that succeeds it will be Socialist.

But there is hope now that the question of Russia's future will be thrashed out in an orderly way. Such experience of anarchy as the Russian people have had of late has not been satisfactory. The general strike that began on November 15 proved unpopular. Many of the workmen refused to take part in it, even in St. Petersburg, and it had little success outside. The agitators saw that they had overshot the mark. The support of public opinion is as necessary to strikers as to Czars, and in this case that support was lacking. It was the general feeling that the peace and convenience of the community had been interrupted without reasonable provocation. Accordingly, the strike was called off on November 20. This was not a defeat for the radical party, but merely a retreat from an untenable position. The "Union of Unions" remains for the present the strongest force in Russia. This remarkable body is a federation of all the liberal professions, including lawyers, professors, journalists, physicians, electricians, and even office-holders. In other words, it is the organized brain of Russia, and it holds intimate relations with the labor unions, the organized brawn, which trust it and follow its lead.

During the strike Premier Witte pathetically begged the men to give him a chance. He posted in all the industrial sections an appeal addressed to his "Brother Workmen," pleading with them to "cease making disturbances" and have pity on their wives and children. He told them that the

Emperor had created a Ministry of Trade and Commerce which would seek to establish just relations between workmen and employers. "Have patience," he concluded. "All that is possible will be done for you. Listen to the advice of a man

ren" applied to the workers by "the Emperor's favorite." "The proletariat," said the Council, "is not related to him in any way." To Witte's appeal for time it responded: "Count Witte has already found time to give Poland into the hands of the military executioners." To his assurances of good-will it retorted: "The working classes have no need of the benevolence of a Court favorite, but demand a popular government on the basis of universal, direct, and secret suffrage."

Each new convulsion in Russia brings a new concession from the Czar. This strike, short-lived as it was, yet extracted from the shivering prisoner of Tsarskoe-Selo an instalment of that boon which Tolstoy considers the only reform of any real value to Russia—the transfer of the land to the peasants. The Emperor, it must be remembered, is not only the political ruler, but the Rockefeller of Russia. He is the greatest millionaire in the country—far greater than all the rest combined. He and his family own a third of all the land in the Empire. He has now practically presented to the peasants the farms they bought many years ago on the instalment plan. They still owe on these farms over \$600,000,000, which would have involved annual payments of about \$35,000,000 for the next twenty-five years. These payments have been remitted, and it is intimated that when the Duma meets, arrangements may be made for further grants of land without cost.

The disorders of the past few weeks have strengthened the position of Count Witte among the Liberals, who are becoming convinced that it is not a wise or patriotic policy to abandon the Government to the clash of reactionaries and anarchists while the nation is trying to pass from despotism to constitutional liberty. The Zemstvo Congress, whose members had refused at first to have anything to do with Witte's administration, met at Moscow on November 19, and drew up a programme of moderate reforms to be submitted to the Government, with a promise of full support in their execution. It was intimated that some of the reformers would even accept invitations to join the Cabinet.



HOLDING DOWN THE LID IN RUSSIA

General Trepoff returning to his quarters from his daily rounds with his Cossacks

who sympathizes with you and wishes you well."

This manifesto, surely the most remarkable ever issued by the responsible head of a Russian Government, was received with contempt. The Council of Workmen's delegates issued a long reply in which it scornfully repudiated the name of "breth-

# Insurance, Politics, and High Finance

THE results of the appearance of young Mr. Hyde before the Insurance Investigating Committee fully justified the anxiety of the inquisitors to secure his testimony. His evidence was sensational in itself, and its immediate effect was to unlock important tongues previously silent. It may be said with truth of Mr. Hyde, as the Mutual's press agent loyally said of Mr. McCurdy, that he made a good impression as a witness. He showed that he felt his position, and whether his statements were strictly accurate or not, he at least produced the effect of a *candor*. He evaded nothing, and seemed to be anxious to tell all he knew.

If sated revenge can atone for "sleepless nights" and "long, sad days," Mr. Hyde had his reward for at least one day, while his charges against his enemies stood uncontradicted. He testified that the Mercantile Trust Company, one of the Equitable's parasitic corporations, had been practically blackmailed by B. B. Odell, then Governor, and E. H. Harriman into paying \$75,000 in settlement of Mr. Odell's losses on his shipbuilding bond deal, under the implied threat that if the payment were not made the Legislature would repeal the company's charter. Both Harriman and Odell took the stand at the earliest opportunity after that, and emphatically denied Mr. Hyde's story. Mr. Odell cited the fact that while the settlement with him left him still a loser, private citizens like Mrs. Wood had succeeded by ordinary legal means in recovering their losses in the shipbuilding deal dollar for dollar. It was also suggested in his behalf that when the settlement with him was completed the Legislature was not in session, and no threat to repeal the company's charter could have been carried out until after the expiration of his term as Governor; but Mr. Hyde neatly retorted: "People out of office are sometimes more influential than people in office."

Mr. Hyde said that his friends among the Equitable directors suggested that he would be a good man for the Ambassadorship to Paris, and promised to interest themselves in securing the place for him. "I think," he remarked, "their reasons for taking this extraordinary interest in my absence from this country have been very obvious since then." Whatever this interest may have been, it seems to have evaporated before the friends reached the White House, where the extent of Mr. Harriman's intercession was to tell the President that he had been asked to suggest Mr. Hyde's name, and to add that he had done what he "had been requested to." Mr. Hyde told of the efforts to secure his stock, and of Mr. Harriman's alleged duplicity in the matter of the Frick Committee. "He led me to believe," he observed bitterly, "that the report of the committee would be very friendly to me, and did everything he could to dissuade me from selling my stock, at the same time doing everything on that committee to knife me and destroy the value of that stock."

The Equitable "yellow dog fund" of \$685,000 was explained by Mr. Hyde, not from personal knowledge, but on the authority of Mr. Alexander,

as having been used for three purposes, first, to settle lawsuits; second, to buy Equitable stock that might come into the market to keep it out of the hands of speculators, and third, for political contributions. Under the last head appeared two gifts of \$25,000 each to the Republican National Committee in 1904. When the present management of the Equitable turned the yellow dog adrift, Mr. Hyde paid \$212,000 of the loan out of his own pocket to accommodate Alexander and Jordan, which he considered generous on his part in view

loss of memory when asked to explain some familiar letters from one John A. Nichols, asking what should be done for a "friend who usually gets around at this time of year." This "friend up the river," remarked Mr. Nichols, "has been very cantankerous of late, and wants to know, you know." Mr. Depew could not solve this mystery. The trail of scandal was traced through Assistant Registrar McCurdy, of the Equitable, into the Insurance Department of California, one of whose former heads was said to have caused the company to yield up \$14,166.66 for peace. Mr. Tarbell, Second Vice-President of the Equitable, testified that he had tried in 1903 to get the three great insurance companies to act together in utilizing the influence of the policy-holders against unfriendly legislation, instead of depending on lobbyists; that the Equitable and the New York Life agreed to the plan, but that President McCurdy, of the Mutual, dismissed it as "visionary."

Mr. McCurdy has since changed his mind. Following a drastic report of the Truesdale Committee, which is publishing its findings on the installment plan, he ordered the Albany "House of

Mirth" to be closed, took measures to secure the return of the fugitive lobbyist, Andrew Fields, and issued orders to the Mutual's law department to require satisfactory vouchers for all expenditures. He expressed the opinion that for the future, "to a great extent, the defeat of proposed legislation hostile to the interests of the policy-holders should be left to them." At the same time the trustees yielded to Mr. McCurdy's request to cut his salary from \$150,000 to \$75,000 a year, and reduce the salaries of other executive officers to an amount aggregating nearly \$150,000.

## PANAMA STANDS ALONE

A RECENT REFERENCE in COL-  
LIER'S to Consul-General Lee's account of a plan to annex the Republic of Panama to Costa Rica has deeply agitated the Isthmian commonwealth. The subjoined communication is the result:

PANAMA, October 27, 1905.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:  
SIR—Noticing in your issue of October 7 an article relative to Consul-General Lee's "Official Report" to the State Department that "negotiations were about to be concluded to annex the Republic of Panama to the Republic of Costa Rica," I immediately called upon Gen. Santiago de La Guardia, Minister of Foreign Relations for this Republic. He authorized me to have published the following official statement: "Gen. Santiago de La Guardia, Minister of Foreign Relations for the Republic of Panama, states that, all the stories relative to the annexation of Panama by Costa Rica are absolutely false and without any foundation whatever. No official or unofficial steps have been taken by the Panamanian Government to this end, and none are contemplated." Kindly publish this statement, as the article of October 7, because of the immense influence of your magazine, has seriously damaged the credit of this Republic, and has further deterred several large capitalists from investing in various enterprises. It may be pertinent to add that Consul-General Lee has been recalled to Washington to "explain" his part in this matter.

ORLAN CLYDE CULLEN.

Mr. Sagastume, Argentine Mr. Franz, Secretary H. Wilson, Sec. Wm. Jennings Baron Mr. Sato Captain Charge d'Affaires Austrian Legation American Legation Bryan Kaneko Brinkley



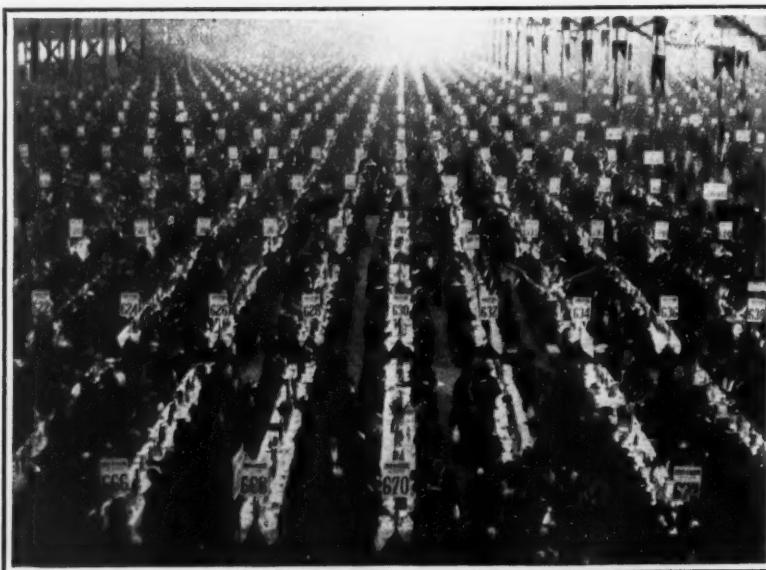
Mr. Sakateni Vice-Minister of Finance Viscountess Aoki Mme. Franz Mrs. Bryan Mrs. Wilson Mr. Zamoto Baroness Kaneko

THE BRYAN PARTY AFTER LUNCH AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION IN TOKIO

Mr. Bryan has had a great reception in Japan. He was presented at court, talked with Togo, and was entertained by statesmen, bankers, and business men. He discussed affairs with workmen and people of all classes, and produced an excellent impression upon the Japanese mind

of the fact that he was under no legal obligation to pay and that his relations with Mr. Alexander were "somewhat strained."

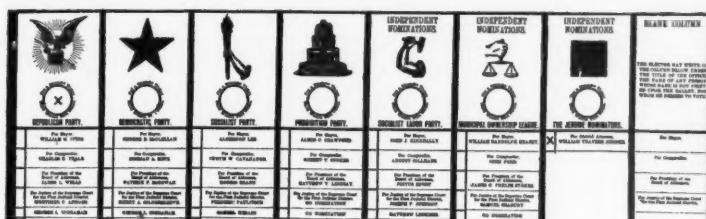
Mr. Hyde went into elaborate details about Mr. Harriman's syndicate transactions with the Equitable, especially in the matter of the Union Pacific, preferred stock deal. Most of his statements were flatly contradicted by Mr. Harriman the next day, as were those affecting Mr. Odell by that statesman the day following. The contradictions were so direct that perjury on the part of somebody



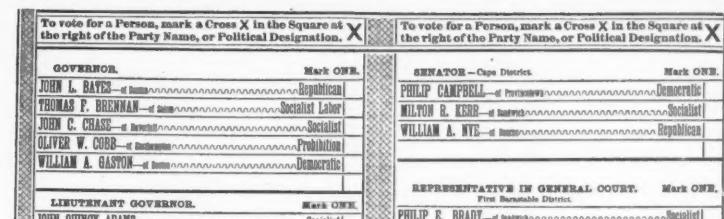
THE WORLD'S GREATEST BANQUET UNDER ONE ROOF

Fifty thousand "Mutualists" lunching in honor of President Loubet at the Galerie des Machines, Paris, November 5

was manifest, and the question who committed it was narrowed down to a comparison of character and motives. Poor Senator Depew had some brief sessions on the rack, and explained, among other things, that the \$20,000 annual retainer he had enjoyed for nearly twenty years had been earned by giving advice to the late Henry B. Hyde, chiefly about investments. Mr. Depew was afflicted with



A bad form—the New York ballot, with the names in party columns under emblems designed to make voting easy for the illiterate and idiotic, and hard for the citizen who does his duty with intelligent discrimination



A good form—the Massachusetts ballot, with the names of the candidates for each office in alphabetical order. It is necessary to make a cross for each candidate voted for, and thus all voters are on an equality

TYPES OF GOOD AND BAD ARRANGEMENTS OF NAMES ON BALLOTS

## The Ballot Stronghold of Boss Rule

### OFFICIAL BALLOT

#### DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

For Electors for President and Vice President:

LEN A. CLARK.	At Large.	JAUB F. WOLTEHS.	At Large.
FRED DUDLEY.	1st Dist.	W. L. ADKINS.	9th Dist.
GEORGE B. TERRILL.	2nd Dist.	A. B. STORY.	10th Dist.
EARL YOUNG.	3rd Dist.	A. R. EDDON.	11th Dist.
T. F. MANGUM.	4th Dist.	JOHN J. BIXER.	12th Dist.
T. B. RIDGELL.	5th Dist.	ALVIN C. OWSLEY.	13th Dist.
C. S. BRADLEY.	6th Dist.	JOHN H. STANLEY.	14th Dist.
JAMES C. PEAGIN.	7th Dist.	ROBERT J. KLEBERG.	15th Dist.
J. G. ASHFORD.	8th Dist.	ALBERT STEVENSON.	16th Dist.

#### A FRANKLY PARTISAN BALLOT

The Texas type, which is used in substantially the same form in several Southern States, puts each party ticket on a separate strip

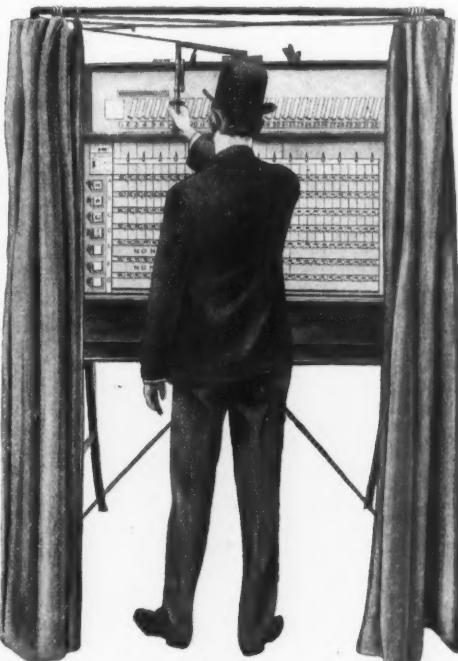
THE campaigns that ended last month in the rout of the bosses were waged on issues of principle, but in the process of settling these issues public attention became fixed upon certain problems of political mechanics. The people discovered that when they tried to express their will they were seriously hampered by the mere physical difficulties of voting. In most States illiterates and idiots had no trouble. The laws were devised for their particular benefit. When a citizen with a vacuum behind his eyes entered the polling booth, all he had to do was to make a mark under a star, or an eagle, or a rooster. He took a simple pride in performing a feat well within his capacity. The voter who approached his duties with intelligent seriousness had to pick his way among traps laid for him by the lawmakers. He had to consider whether to vote in a circle or in an assortment of squares; he had to remember that he could vote in a number of squares, but in only one circle; he had to be careful not to put his mark before any name in a column under whose emblem he had already made a cross. So puzzling were the intricacies of the ballot that in New York City about eight thousand ballots were protested as incorrectly marked and tens of thousands of citizens voted straight tickets rather than take any chances of having their votes thrown out.

There is a general agreement among reform organizations upon the principle of the Massachusetts ballot, on which the names of the candidates for each office are arranged alphabetically, and each one must be voted for separately. By that system party candidates and independent candidates, straight voters and discriminating voters, are placed upon an exact equality. As there is only one method of voting, there is no occasion for filling the newspapers and the billboards with instructions how to vote, and as the party voter has to make just as many marks as the independent, it is impossible to tell by the length of time a man spends in the booth whether he is voting a straight or a split ticket. Thanks to this system, Massachusetts on various occasions has elected a Governor of one party and the rest of the State officers from the other ticket, and last month she chose a Republican Governor by twenty-three thousand and the candidate of the same party for Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor by a plurality of less than two thousand votes.

The strong point of the Massachusetts ballot system is the arrangement of names. The weak point is the method of voting and counting. In all paper ballot systems there are endless opportunities for mistakes on the part of the voters, and for frauds as well as blunders on the part of the election officers. The voter may make the wrong kind of marks, or make them in the wrong places, or deface his ballot so that it will have to be thrown out. The election officers, working drowsily all night in the count, and sometimes all the next day, play the most fantastic tricks with the returns, sometimes accidentally and sometimes intentionally. The inspection of the New York tally sheets secured by Mr. Hearst has disclosed the most astonishing proofs of carelessness and stupidity. In some cases whole columns have been left blank, in others all the votes cast for one candidate have been credited to another, and in at least one instance the entire vote of an election district has been put down under the head of void ballots.

Such things are inseparable from any paper ballot system, especially where such an unnecessarily



A VOTING MACHINE

The voter pulls a lever which closes the curtain behind him and unlocks the mechanism. He sees the names of all the candidates on the keyboard before him. He turns a pointer over each name for which he wishes to vote. This can be done for a straight ticket by a single motion, or the straight ticket device can be cut out and the voter compelled to turn each pointer by hand. Pulling the curtain lever records the vote and makes ready for the next voter

and absurdly large number of candidates is voted for as in almost all American elections. They seemed to be reduced to a minimum in the ingenious scheme on which the inventor, Mr. Moncena Dunn, has induced the Wisconsin Legislature to order a referendum for next April. By this plan the ballot would consist of a number of perforated sheets of cardboard, bound together at the top. Each party would have one sheet of a distinctive color. Each office to be voted for would be represented by a numbered coupon. If the voter wished to vote a straight ticket he would tear off one en-



THE FACE OF A VOTING MACHINE

This is arranged under the laws of New York to permit the citizen to vote either a straight or a split ticket. If straight ticket voting were abolished, as it should be, the party levers would be removed, and the voter would turn down a pointer for each candidate of his choice. Mistakes in turning down pointers can be corrected at any time before the voter leaves the booth, as the vote is not recorded until the curtain is opened. It is impossible to make the machine register a vote that is not legally correct

tire sheet of coupons, seal it in an envelope, and give it to the inspector. The rest of the ballot he would put in another envelope, which would be kept in another box. If he wished to split his ticket he would tear off the proper coupons from the red, blue, green, or yellow sheets and seal them in the voting envelope. There would be no marks, and the count would consist simply in sorting the coupons into piles according to color and counting them. There would plainly be much less chance of counting one candidate's vote for another when it involved mixing blue coupons in a red pile than when it was simply a matter of misstating the space occupied by a cross-mark on a blanket ballot.

But any paper ballot, however ingenious, involves the element of personality, and therefore the possibility of mistake, both in the process of voting and in the count. The only thing that can entirely avoid this possibility is something that acts automatically—that is to say, a machine. By the use of voting machines the people of Buffalo were able to buy papers containing the complete returns of their city election at a quarter past seven on the evening of election day, when the citizens of New York, packed in front of the bulletins, were guessing from the first scattering figures that Jerome had been beaten by forty thousand majority. In San Francisco a ticket opposed by a combination of the Democratic and Republican parties, fought by almost all the newspapers, and unspeakably repugnant to all the influential elements of the city, was elected by the use of voting machines, and the returns were accepted without a whisper of suspicion. There are no void votes with the machine, for it is mechanically impossible to vote for more than the right number of candidates. There is no spoiling a ballot by a slip of the finger, for the voter may experiment with the levers until he gets his ticket to suit him, and his vote is not recorded until he leaves the booth. There is no wrangle in the courts over ballot boxes and muddled tally sheets, for the machine does its own counting as it goes along, and when the polls are closed the count is over. A combination of the Massachusetts arrangement of names and the mechanical method of voting and counting seems to offer the solution of all the difficulties in the way of securing a fair expression of the people's will.

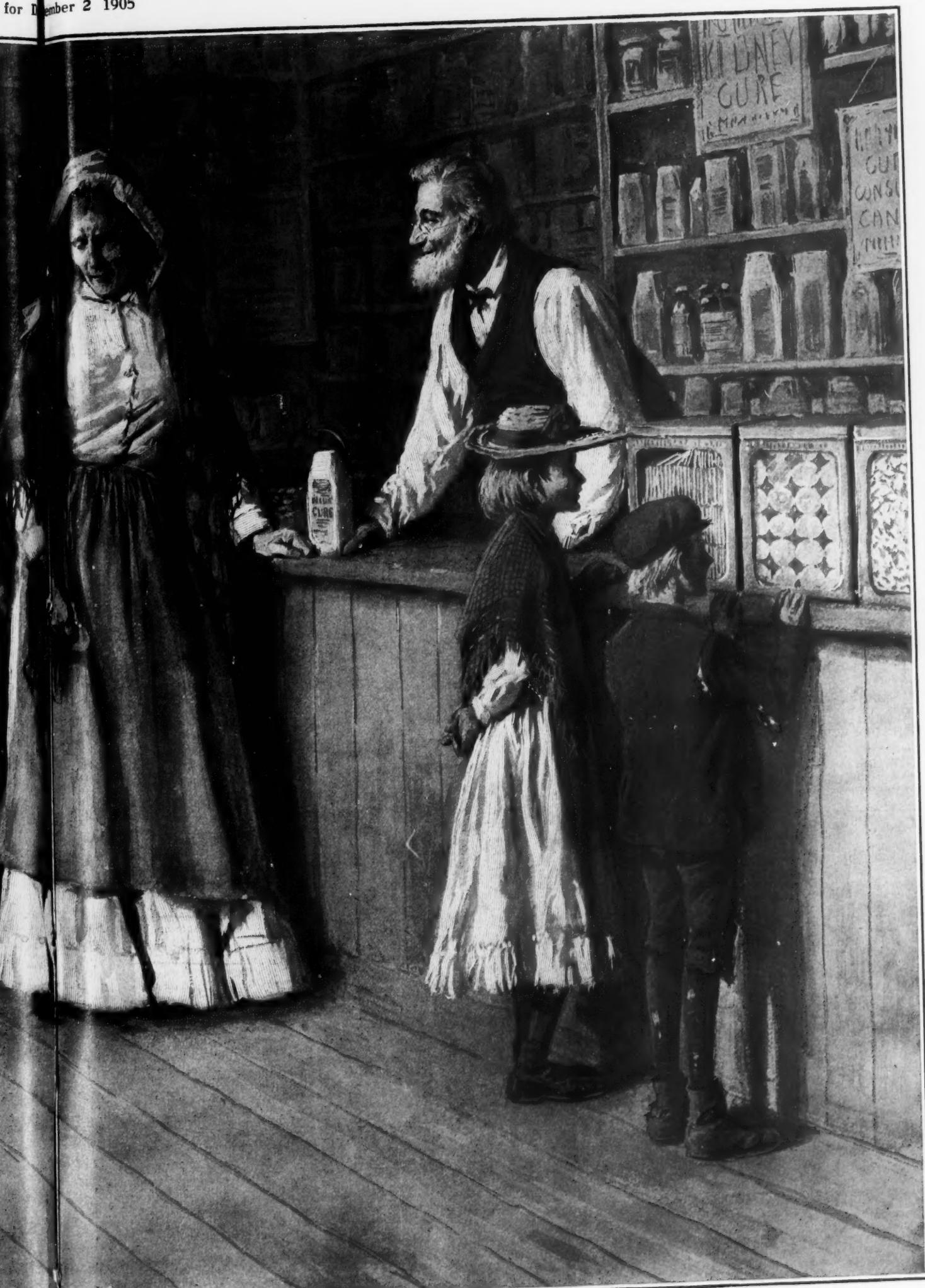


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HER LAST DOLLAR FOR A BOT

DRAWN BY A. B.

for December 2 1905



## BOTTLE OF PATENT MEDICINE

BY A. B. FROST

# THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD



## AN ACETANILID DEATH RECORD

This list of fatalities is made up from statements published in the newspapers. In every case the person who died had taken to relieve a headache or as a bracer a patent medicine containing acetanilid, without a doctor's prescription. This list does not include the case of a dog in Altoona, Pennsylvania, which died immediately on eating some sample powders. The dog did not know any better.

Mrs. Minnie Bishop, Louisville, Ky.; Oct. 16, 1903  
 Mrs. Mary Cusick and Mrs. Julia Ward, of 172 Perry Street, New York City; Nov. 27, 1903  
 Fred P. Stock, Scranton, Pa.; Dec. 7, 1903  
 C. Frank Henderson, Toledo, O.; Dec. 13, 1903  
 Jacob E. Staley, St. Paul, Mich.; Feb. 18, 1904  
 Charles M. Scott, New Albany, Ind.; March 15, 1904  
 Oscar McKinley, Pittsburgh, Pa.; April 13, 1904  
 Otis Staines, student at Wabash College; April 13, 1904  
 Mrs. Florence Rumsey, Clinton, Ia.; April 23, 1904  
 Jenny McGee, Philadelphia, Pa.; May 26, 1904  
 Mrs. William Mabee, Leoni, Mich.; Sept. 9, 1904  
 Mrs. Jacob Friedman, of South Bend, Ind.; Oct. 19, 1904  
 Miss Libbie North, Rockdale, N. Y.; Oct. 26, 1904  
 Margaret Hanahan, Dayton, O.; Oct. 29, 1904  
 Samuel Williamson, New York City; Nov. 21, 1904  
 George Kublisch, St. Louis, Mo.; Nov. 24, 1904  
 Robert Breck, St. Louis, Mo.; Nov. 27, 1904  
 Mrs. Harry Haven, Oriskany Falls, N. Y.; Jan. 17, 1905  
 Mrs. Jennie Whyler, Akron, O.; April 3, 1905  
 Mrs. Augusta Strothmann, St. Louis, Mo.; June 20, 1905  
 Mr. Mary A. Bissels, Philadelphia, Pa.; July 2, 1905  
 Mrs. Thos. Patterson, Huntington, W. Va.; Aug. 15, 1905

Some of these victims died from alleged overdose; others from the prescribed dose. In almost every instance the local papers suppressed the name of the fatal remedy.

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

## IV—The Subtle Poisons

This article deals with the dangerous powders and other preparations which are sold in large quantities as cures for headache, depression, and similar ailments. It is the fourth article in this series which aims to explain and expose the harm done to the public by the Patent Medicine industry. The next article "Preying on the Incurables," will be published in *COLLIER'S* for December 23

as in the following report by Dr. J. L. Miller of Chicago, in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," upon the death of Miss Frances Robson:

"I was first called to see the patient, a young lady, physically sound, who had been taking Orangeine powders for a number of weeks for insomnia. The rest of the family noticed that she was very blue, and for this reason I was called. When I saw the patient she complained of a sense of faintness and inability to keep warm. At this time she had taken a box of six Orangeine powders within about eight hours. She was warned of the danger of continuing the indiscriminate use of the remedy, but insisted that many of her friends had used it and claimed that it was harmless. The family promised to see that she did not obtain any more of the remedy. Three days later, however, I was called to the house and found the patient dead. The family said that she had gone to her room the evening before in her usual health. The next morning, the patient not appearing, they investigated and found her dead. The case was reported to the coroner, and the coroner's verdict was: 'Death was from the effect of an overdose of Orangeine powders administered by her own hand, whether accidentally or otherwise, unknown to the jury.'"

Last July an eighteen-year-old Philadelphia girl got a box of Orangeine powders at a drug store, having been told that they would cure headache. There was nothing on the label or in the printed matter inclosed with the preparation warning her of the dangerous character of the nostrum. Following the printed advice, she took two powders. In three hours she was dead. Coroner Dugan's verdict follows:

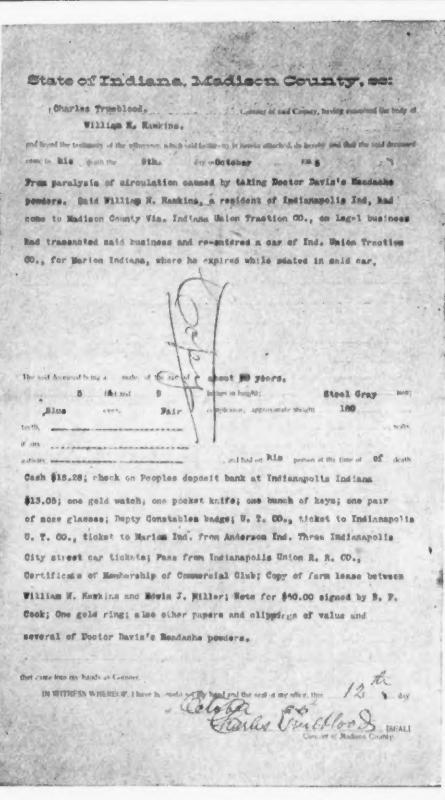
"Mary A. Bissels came to her death from kidney and heart disease, aggravated by poisoning by acetanilid taken in Orangeine headache powders."

### Prescribing Without Authority

Yet this poison is being recommended every day by people who know nothing of it and nothing of the susceptibility of the friends to whom they advocate it. For example, here is a testimonial from the Orangeine booklet:

"Miss A. A. Phillips, 66 Powers Street, Brooklyn, writes: 'I always keep Orangeine in my desk at school, and through its frequent applications to the sick, I am called both "doctor and magician."'"

If the school herein referred to is a public school, the matter is one for the Board of Education; if a private school, for the Health Department or the County Medical Society. That a school teacher should be allowed to continue giving, however well-meaning her foolhardiness may be, a harmful and possibly fatal dose



to the children intrusted to her care, seems rather a significant commentary on the quality of watchfulness in certain institutions.

Obscurity as to the real nature of the drug, fostered by careful deception, is the safeguard of the acetanilid vender. Were its perilous quality known, the headache powder would hardly be so widely used. And were the even more important fact that the use of these powders becomes a habit, akin to the opium or cocaine habits, understood by the public, the repeated sales which are the basis of Orangeine's prosperity would undoubtedly be greatly cut down. Orangeine fulfills the prime requisite of a patent medicine in being a good "repeater." Did it not foster its own demand in the form of a persistent craving, it would hardly be profitable. Its advertising invites to the formation of an addiction to the drug. "Get the habit," it might logically advertise, in imitation of a certain prominent exploitation along legitimate lines. Not only is its value as a cure for nervousness and headaches insisted upon, but its prospective dupes are advised to take this powerful drug as a bracer.

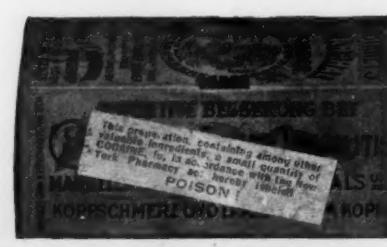
"When, as often, you reach home, tired in body and mind . . . take an Orangeine powder—lie down for thirty-minutes nap—if possible—anyway, relax, then take another."

"To induce sleep, take an Orangeine powder immediately before retiring. When wakeful, an Orangeine powder will have a normalizing, quieting effect."

It is also recommended as a good thing to begin the day's work on in the morning—that is, take Orangeine night, morning, and between meals!

These powders pretend to cure asthma, biliousness, headaches, colds, catarrh, and grip (dose: powder every four hours during the day for a week)—a pretty fair start on the Orangeine habit), diarrhoea, hay fever, insomnia, influenza, neuralgia, seasickness, and sciatica.

Of course, they do not cure any of these; they do practically nothing but give temporary relief by depressing the heart. With the return to normal conditions of blood circulation comes a recurrence of the nervousness, headache, or what not, and the incentive to more of the drug, until it becomes a necessity. In my own acquaintance I know half a dozen persons who have come to depend on one or another of these headache



NEW YORK STATE'S NEW POISON LABEL  
 On a Cocaine-Laden Medicine

preparations to keep them going. One young woman whom I have in mind told me quite innocently that she had been taking five or six Orangeine powders a day for several months, having changed from Koehler's Powders when some one told her that the latter were dangerous! Because of her growing paleness her husband had called in their physician, but neither of them had mentioned the little matter of the nostrum, having accepted with a childlike faith the asseverations of its beneficent qualities. Yet they were of an order of intelligence that would scoff at the idea of drinking Swamp Root or Peruna. That particular victim had the beginning of the typical blue skin, pictured in the street-car advertisements of Orangeine (the advertisements are a little mixed, as they put the blue hue on the "before-taking," whereas it should go on the "after-taking"). And, by the way, I can conscientiously recommend Orangeine, Koehler's Powders, Royal Pain Powders, and others of that class to women who wish for a complexion of a dead, pasty white, verging to a puffy blueness under the eyes and about the lips. Patient use of these drugs will even produce an interesting and picturesque, if not intrinsically beautiful, purplish-gray hue of the face and neck.

#### Drugs that Deprave

Another acquaintance writes me that he is unable to dissuade his wife from the constant use of both Orangeine and Bromo-Seltzer, although her health is breaking down. Often it is difficult for a physician to diagnose these cases because the symptoms are those of certain diseases in which the blood deteriorates, and, moreover, the victim, as in opium and cocaine slavery, will positively deny having used the drug. A case of acetanilid addiction (in "cephalgin," an ethical proprietary) is thus reported:

"When the drug was withheld, the patient soon began to exhibit all the traits peculiar to the confirmed morphino-maniac—moral depravity and the like. She employed every possible means to obtain the drug, attempting even to bribe the nurse, and, this failing, even members of the family."

Another report of a similar case (and there are plenty of them to select from) reads:

"Stomach increasingly irritable; skin a grayish or light purplish hue; palpitation and slight enlargement of the heart; great prostration, with pains in the region of the heart; blood discolored to a chocolate hue. The patient denied that she had been using acetanilid, but it was discovered that for a year she had been obtaining it in the form of a proprietary remedy, and had contracted a regular 'habit.' On the discontinuance of the drug, the symptoms disappeared. She was discharged from the hospital as cured, but soon returned to the use of the drug and applied for readmission, displaying the former symptoms."

Where I have found a renegade physician making his millions out of Peruna, or a professional promoter trading in the charlatanry of Liquozone, it has seemed superfluous to comment on the personality of the men. They are what their business connotes. With Orangeine the case is somewhat different. Its proprietors are men of standing in other and reputable spheres of activity. Charles L. Bartlett, its president, is a graduate of Yale University and a man of some prominence in its alumni affairs. Orangeine is a side issue with him. Professionally he is the Western representative of Ivory Soap, one of the heaviest of legitimate advertisers, and he doubtless learned from this the value of skilful exploitation. Next to Mr. Bartlett, the largest owner of stock (unless he has recently sold out) is William Gillette, the actor, whose enthusiastic endorsement of the powders is known in a personal sense to the profession which he follows, and in print to hundreds of thousands of theatre-goers who have read it in their programmes. Whatever these gentlemen may think of their product (and I understand that, incredible as it may seem, both of them are constant users of it and genuine believers in it), the methods by which it is sold, and the essential and mendacious concealment of its real nature, illustrate the level to which otherwise upright and decent men are brought by a business which can not profitably include either uprightness or decency in its methods.

Orangeine is less dangerous, except in extent of use, than many other acetanilid mixtures which are much the same thing under a different name. A friend of mine with a weak heart took the printed dose of Laxative Bromo Quinine and lay at the point of death for a week. There is no word of warning on the label. In many places samples of headache powders are distributed on the doorsteps. The St. Louis "Chronicle" records a result:

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA, August 15, 1905.—"While Mrs. Thomas Patterson was preparing supper last evening she was stricken with a violent headache, and took a headache powder that had been thrown in at her door the day before. Immediately she was seized with spasms, and in an hour she was dead."

That even the lower order of animals is not safe is shown by a canine tragedy in Altoona, Pennsylvania, where a prize collie dog inadvertently devoured three

unpleasant effects?" As a late dance the night before had left its impress upon the feminine members of the "bracer." That night the local physician visited the house party (on special "rush" invitation), and was well satisfied to pull all his patients through. He had never before seen acetanilid poisoning by wholesale. A Chicago druggist writes me that the wife of a prominent physician buys Megrimine of him by the half-dozen lots, secretly. She has the habit.

On October 9, W. H. Hawkins, superintendent of the American Detective Association, a man of powerful physique and apparently in good health, went to a drug store in Anderson, Indiana, and took a dose of Dr. Davis's Headache Powders. He then boarded a car for Marion, and shortly after fell to the floor dead. The coroner's verdict is reproduced on the opposite page. Whether these powders are made by a Dr. W. C. Davis of Indianapolis, who makes Anti-Headache, I am unable to state. Anti-Headache describes itself as "a compound of mild ingredients and positively contains no dangerous drugs." It is almost pure acetanilid.

In the "ethical" field the harm done by this class of proprietaries is perhaps as great as in the open field, for many of those which are supposed to be sold only in prescriptions are as freely distributed to the laity as Peruna. And their advertising is hardly different.

#### Dangers of Antikamnia

Antikamnia, claiming to be an "ethical" remedy, and advertising through the medical press by methods that would with little alteration fit any patent pain-killer on the market, is no less dangerous or fraudulent than the Orangeine class which it almost exactly parallels in composition. It was at first exploited as a "new synthetical coal-tar derivative," which it isn't and never was. It is simply half or more acetanilid (some analyses show as high as sixty-eight per cent) with other unimportant ingredients in varying proportions. In a booklet entitled "Light on Pain," and distributed on doorsteps, I find under an alphabetical list of diseases this invitation to form the Antikamnia habit.

"Nervousness (overwork and excesses)—Dose: One Antikamnia tablet every two or three hours.

"Shoppers' or Sightseers' Headache—Dose: Two Antikamnia tablets every three hours.

"Worry (nervousness: 'the Blues')—Dose: One or two Antikamnia and Codeine tablets every three hours."

Codeine is obtained from opium. The codeine habit is well known to all institutions which treat drug addictions, and is recognized as being no less difficult to cure than the morphine habit.

A typical instance of what Antikamnia will do for its users is that of a Pennsylvania merchant, fifty years old, who had declined, without apparent cause, from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixteen pounds, and was finally brought to Philadelphia in a state of stupor. His pulse was barely perceptible, his skin dusky, and his blood of a deep chocolate color. On reviving he was questioned as to whether he had been taking headache powders. He had, for several years. What kind? Antikamnia; sometimes in the plain tablets, at other times Antikamnia with codeine. How many? About twelve a day. He was greatly surprised to learn that this habit was responsible for his condition.

"My doctor gave it to me for insomnia," he said, and it appeared that the patient had never even been warned of the dangerous character of the drug.

Were it obtainable I would print here the full name and address of that attending physician, as one unfit, either through ignorance or carelessness, to practice his profession. And there would be other physicians all over the country who would, under that description, suffer the same indictment within their own minds for starting innocent patients upon a destructive and sometimes fatal course. For it is the careless or conscienceless physician who gets the customer for the "ethical" headache remedies, and the customer, once secured, pays a profit, very literally, with his own blood. Once having taken Antikamnia, the layman, unless informed as to its true nature, will often return to the drug store and purchase it, with the impression that it is a specific drug, like quinine or potassium chlorate, instead of a disguised poison, exploited and sold under patent rights by a private concern. The United States Post-Office, in its broad tolerance, permits the Antikamnia Company to send through the mails little sample boxes containing tablets enough to kill an ordinary man, and these samples are sent not only to physicians, as is the rule with ethical remedies, but to lawyers, business men, "brain-workers," and other prospective purchasing classes. The box bears the lying statement: "No drug habit—no bear effect."



TO CATCH THE COCAINE-FIEND TRADE

Were this drug-store display in Illinois instead of New York City, the druggist would be arrested and his stock confiscated. This is one of the favorite cocaine powders used by victims of the cocaine habit. The law now requires that it be labeled "Poison."

The prescribed dose of Bromo-Seltzer is dangerous and has been known to produce sudden collapse.

Megrime is a warranted headache cure that is advertised in several of the magazines. A newly arrived guest at a Long Island house party brought along several lots and distributed them as a remedy for headache and that tired feeling. It was perfectly harmless, she declared; didn't the advertisement say "leaves no

Just as this is going to press the following significant case comes in from Iowa:

"FARMINGTON, IOWA, October 6.—(Special to the 'Constitution-Democrat.') Mrs. Hattie Kick, one of the best and most prominent ladies of Farmington, died rather suddenly Wednesday morning at ten o'clock from an overdose of antikamnia, which she took for a severe headache from which she was suffering. Mrs. Kick was subject to severe headaches, and was a frequent user of antikamnia, her favorite remedy for this ailment."

There is but one safeguard in the use of these remedies: to regard them as one would regard opium and to employ them only with the consent of a physician who understands their true nature. Acetanilid has its uses, but not as a generic pain killer. Pain is a symptom; you can drug it away temporarily, but it will return clamoring for more payment until the final price is hopeless enslavement. Were the skull and bones on every box of this class of poison the danger would be greatly minimized.

With opium and cocaine the case is different. The very words are danger signals. Legal restrictions safeguard the public, to a greater or less degree, from their indiscriminate use. Normal people do not knowingly take opium, or its derivatives, except with the sanction of a physician, and there is even spreading abroad a belief (surely an expression of the primal law of self-preservation) that the licensed practitioner leans too readily toward the convenient narcotics.

But this perilous stuff is the ideal basis for a patent medicine, because its results are immediate (though never permanent), and it is its own best advertisement in that one dose imperatively calls for another. Therefore it behoves the manufacturer of opiates to disguise the use of the drug. This he does in various forms, and he has found his greatest success in the "cough and consumption cures" and the soothing syrup class. The former of these will be considered in another article. As to the "soothing syrups," designed for the drugging of helpless infants, even the trade does not know how many have risen, made their base profit, and subsided. A few survive, probably less harmful than the abandoned ones, on the average, so that by taking the conspicuous survivors as a type, I am at least doing no injustice to the class.

Some years ago I heard a prominent New York lawyer, asked by his office scrub-woman to buy a ticket for some "Association" ball, say to her: "How can you go to these affairs, Nora, when you have two young children at home?"

"Sure, they're all right," she returned blithely; "just wan teaspoonful of Winslow's, an' they lay like the dead till mornin'."

What eventually became of the scrub-woman's children I don't know. The typical result of this practice is described by a Detroit physician, who has been making a special study of Michigan's high mortality rate:

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is extensively used among the poorer classes as a means of pacifying their babies. These children eventually come into the hands of physicians with a greater or less addiction to the opium habit. The sight of a parent drugging a helpless infant into a semi-comatose condition is not an elevating one for this civilized age, and it is a very common practice. I can give you one illustration from my own hospital experience, which was told me by the father of the girl. A middle-aged railroad man of Kansas City had a small daughter with summer diarrhea. For this she was given patent diarrhoea medicine. It controlled the trouble, but as soon as the remedy was withdrawn the diarrhoea returned. At every withdrawal the trouble began anew, and the final result was that they never succeeded in curing this daughter of the opium habit which had taken its hold upon her. It was some years afterward that the parents became aware that she had contracted the habit, when the physician took away the patent medicine and gave the girl morphine with exactly the same result which she had experienced with the patent remedy. At the time the father told me this story, his daughter was nineteen years of age, an only child of wealthy parents, and one who could have had every advantage in life, but who was a complete wreck in every way as a result of the opium habit. The father told me, with tears in his eyes, that he would rather she had died with the original illness than to have lived to become the creature which she then was."

The proprietor of a drug store in San Jose, California, writes to *COLLIER'S* as follows:

"I have a good customer, a married woman with five children, all under ten years of age. When her last baby was born, about a year ago, the first thing she did was to order a bottle of Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and every week another bottle was bought at first, until now a bottle is bought every third day. Why? Because the baby has become habituated to the drug. I am not well enough acquainted with the family to be able to say that the weaned children show any present abnormality of health due to the opium contained in the drug, but the after effects of opium have been thus described. . . . Another instance, quite as startling, was that of a mother who gave large quantities of soothing syrup to two of her children in infancy, then becoming convinced of its danger, abandoned its use. These children in middle life became neurotics, spirit and drug takers. Three children, born later and not given any drugs in early life, grew up strong and healthy."

"I fear the children of the woman in question will all suffer for their mother's ignorance, or worse, in later life, and have tried to do my duty by sending word to the mother of the harmful nature of the stuff, but without effect."

"P. S.—How many neurotics, fiends, and criminals may not 'Mrs. Winslow' be sponsor for?"

This query is respectfully referred to the Anglo-



A DANGEROUS SAMPLE BOX WHICH GOES THROUGH THE MAI

Enough tablets were contained in this package, marked "No Heart Effect," to stop the heart entirely if taken all at once. The chief ingredient of antikamnia is acetanilid

American Drug Company of New York, which makes it handsome profit from this slave trade.

Recent legislation on the part of the New York State Board of Pharmacy will tend to decrease the profit, as it requires that a poison label be put on each bottle of the product, as has long been the law in England.

An Omaha physician reports a case of poisoning from a compound bearing the touching name of "Kopp's Baby Friend," which has a considerable sale in the Middle West and in Central New York. It is made of sweetened water and morphine, about one-third grain of morphine to the ounce.

"The child (after taking four drops) went into a stupor at once, the pupils were pin-pointed, skin cool and clammy, heart and respiration slow. I treated the case as one of opium poisoning, but it took twelve hours before my little patient was out of danger."

As if to put a point of satirical grimness upon the matter, the responsible proprietor of this particular

business of drugging helpless babies is a woman, Mrs. J. A. Kopp of York, Pennsylvania.

Making cocaine fends is another profitable enterprise. Catarrh powders are the medium. A decent druggist will not sell cocaine as such, steadily, to any customer, except upon prescription, but most druggists find salve for their consciences in the fact that the subtle and terrible drug is in the form of somebody's sure cure. There is need to say nothing of the effects of cocaine, other than that it is destructive to mind and body alike, and appalling in its breaking down of all moral restraint. Yet in New York City it is distributed in "samples" at ferries and railway stations. You may see

the empty boxes and the instructive labels littering the gutters of Broadway any Saturday night, when the drug-store trade is briskest.

Birney's Catarrh Powder, Dr. Cole's Catarrh Cure, Dr. Gray's Catarrh Powder, and Crown Catarrh Powder are the ones most in demand. All of them are cocaine; the other ingredients are unimportant—perhaps even superfluous.

Whether or not the bottles are labeled with the amount of cocaine makes little difference. The habitués know. In one respect, however, the labels help them by giving information as to which nostrum is the most heavily drugged.

"People come in here," a New York City druggist tells me, "ask what catarrh powders we've got, read the labels, and pick out the one that's got the most cocaine. When I see a customer comparing labels, I know she's a fiend."

Naturally these owners and exploiters of these mixtures claim that the small amount of cocaine contained is harmless. For instance, the "Crown Cure," admitting two and one-half per cent, says:

"Of course, this is a very small and harmless amount. Cocaine is now considered to be the most valuable addition to modern medicine . . . it is the most perfect relief known."

Birney's Catarrh Cure runs as high as four per cent, and can produce testimonials vouching for its harmlessness. Here is a Birney "testimonial" to the opposite effect, obtained "without solicitation or payment" (I have ventured to put it in the approved form), which no sufferer from catarrh can afford to miss:

#### READ WHAT

WILLIAM THOMPSON, OF CHICAGO

says of

#### BIRNEY'S CATARRH CURE

"Three years ago Thompson was a strong man. Now he is without money, health, home, or friends."

(Chicago "Tribune")

"I began taking Birney's Catarrh Cure (says Thompson) three years ago, and the longing for the drug has grown so potent that I suffer without it.

"I followed the directions at first, then I increased the quantity until I bought the stuff by the dozen bottles."

A famous drink and drug cure in Illinois had, as a patient, not long ago, a fourteen-year-old boy, who was a slave to the Birney brand of cocaine. He had run his father \$300 in debt, so heavy were his purchases of the poison.

Chicago long ago settled this cocaine matter in the only logical way. The proprietor of a large downtown drug store noticed several years ago that at noon numbers of the shop girls from a great department store purchased certain catarrh powders over his counter. He had his clerks warn them that the powders contained deleterious drugs. The girls continued to purchase in increasing numbers and quantity. He sent word to the superintendent of the store. "That accounts for the number of our girls that have gone wrong of late," was the superintendent's comment. The druggist, Mr. McConnell, had an analysis made by the Board of Health which showed that the powder most called for was nearly four per cent cocaine, whereupon he threw it and similar powders out of stock. The girls went elsewhere. Mr. McConnell traced them and started a general movement against this class of remedies which resulted in an ordinance forbidding their sale. Birney's Catarrhal Powders, as I am informed, to meet the new conditions, brought out a powder without cocaine, which had the briefest kind of a sale. For weeks thereafter the downtown stores were haunted by haggard young men and women, who begged for "the old powders; these new ones don't do any good." As high as \$1.00 premium was paid for the four per cent cocaine species. To-day the Illinois druggist who sells cocaine in this form is liable to arrest. Yet, in New York, at the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, I saw recently a show-window display of the Birney cure, and similar displays are not uncommon in other cities.

Regarding other forms of drugs there may be honest differences of opinion as to the limits of legitimacy in the trade. If mendacious advertising were stopped, and the actual ingredients of every nostrum plainly published and frankly explained, the patent medicine trade might reasonably claim to be a legitimate enterprise in many of its phases. But no label of opium or cocaine, though the warning skull and cross-bones cover the bottle, will excuse the sale of products that are never safely used except by expert advice. I believe that the Chicago method of dealing with the catarrh powders is the right method in cocaine and opium-bearing nostrums. Restrict the drug by the same safeguards when sold under a lying pretence, as when it flies its true colors. Then and then only will our laws prevent the shameful trade that stupefies helpless babies, and makes criminals of our young men and harlots of our young women.

# BUYING FOOTBALL VICTORIES

By EDWARD S. JORDAN



*This is the last of the series of articles on Middle-Western college athletics. Following this will appear a paper by Dr. David Starr Jordan, in which the President of Leland Stanford Jr. University will make some specific recommendations in athletic reforms to the faculties of American colleges*



I most severely condemn that practice in university athletics which cultivates the spirit of victory, and victory alone. University athletics should be placed on the highest possible ground, and football teams should be truly representative of the student body rather than that the institution should be subordinated to its athletic department. The encouragement of attendance for football purposes only is a vicious thing

—JOHN A. JOHNSON, Governor of the State of Minnesota

PROF. FREDERICK S. JONES

Who introduced the game at Minnesota and is the faculty representative in athletics

## THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



DR. HENRY L. WILLIAMS

The Minnesota coach who was apprised of the necessity of becoming a victory getter

THE University of Minnesota has entered into a sort of co-operative football alliance with the commercial interests of the city of Minneapolis.

This institution has practically abandoned all other athletic interests, because they could not be conducted on a paying basis, and every energy has been devoted to the production of a winning football team. When football in the West was a sane game, played by students, Minnesota met defeat until the season of 1900 found her willing to enter the campaign for victory as it was carried on by her Western rivals. Dr. Henry L. Williams, now one of the most able coaches in the West, came out from Pennsylvania to coach her team. He concocted a brand of victory during the first season that satisfied the college. "Doc" Williams seemed to be a fixture, and the commercial friends of the university heralded the advent of an advertising medium almost as effective as the annual State fair.

But in the second year a true revelation of athletic purposes came. Nebraska, a college outside of the Conference, defeated Minnesota in an early-season game, and the dissatisfied bleacher crowd demanded the resignation of Williams. This was intensified by an article put in type by the "Minnesota Alumni Magazine," and by the following editorial complaint of the Minneapolis "Times":

"We may as well be frank about it. Physical Director Williams's day ended at the close of the season of 1901, and it was a mistake to continue him this year. He is not a success as a coach. One man's feelings of pride should not be considered when the athletic weal of the university is in question."

It was then that Williams was apprised of the necessity of becoming a victory getter, and it was then that two men, who subsequently became the intermediaries between collegiate and commercial Minneapolis, performed their first service in behalf of a coach who found it necessary to win. Colonel Frank M. Joyce and "Ikey" Kaufmann, both insurance men, purchased the entire edition of the offending magazine and silenced the critical newspaper. But the word had been given, and legitimate sport in the university was soon to be sacrificed to a more gratifying success.

Nebraska had taught her rival, and in the annual game between these colleges last fall Minnesota played two men who were entered for participation in this game only, and a third who was in college for football alone. Usher L. Burdick of Mandan, North Dakota, a former Minnesota end, who had left college in June, was solicited to return by Mr. Frank Force, sporting editor of the Minneapolis "Tribune," was promised a position in one of the Hennepin County offices, and came back for the Nebraska game. He appeared for a short preliminary practice; the style of play was changed to his advantage and he played at end, leaving college immediately afterward to return to his wife and home in North Dakota. The statement is made that he entered college and paid his fees. If he did, the deception was more complete. Few Minnesota men believe that he returned with any except football intentions. Another participant in this game was Henry O'Brien, then a professional coach, employed by Macalester College. O'Brien asserts that he entered practice for the Nebraska game, and played quarter in the second half only upon the solicitation of Coach Williams and "Ikey" Kaufmann. Speaking of the incident, O'Brien said: "I told them that I needed the money that I was getting, and did not care to go back and break my promise with Macalester. Then Kaufmann said: 'Never mind about the money; that will be fixed all right.'"

"Sunny" Thorp was the favorite with the Minnesota

ten miles to the practice before four o'clock each day. Current was an assistant in the office of the dean of the medical school, Case and Itner were in one of the large flour mills, Dan Smith in a downtown store, and several other players in various business houses.

These facts seem without point, and explain nothing of a convincing nature in themselves, but they raise the vital question, Can a football man attend the arduous daily practice, earn his way through college, and still be a student? Minnesota has solved the problem of attendance through her "night law school," but the dean of that department answers the vital question. Dean Pattee, who has had many football men under his charge, deprecates the practice, declares that "only about one-third of the football men can possibly maintain average standing," and asserts that, "because the game as now played is prejudicial to the highest interests of the university, the faculty of this law school seem to stand as a unit in favor of its abolition." In this view Dean Pattee virtually agrees with the innermost convictions of twenty-eight Middle-Western college presidents, but differs with the president of his own institution. President Cyrus Northrup, of the University of Minnesota, can see no real demoralizing evil in the game of football. Out of twenty-nine college presidents, who replied to a communication sent out by Judge Victor H. Lane of Michigan, in an inquiry into the faculty attitude toward athletics, the reply of President Northrup was alone favorable to the game as now played. He advances the opinion that "as long as football is skilfully and honorably played" he is in favor of it, and because "it has such a tremendous hold upon everybody" he can see "no use in fighting it even if it is an evil."

This is an example of that *laissez-faire* faculty policy which to-day gives indirect countenance to dishonorable athletic practice. One president is inactive because of ignorance of his duty, another fears the bleacher crowd, a third values popularity, and all the while the best college men are looking for a president with virility enough to stand up and redeem football before it meets with too drastic modifications.

The demand for victory comes with no more striking force from the commercial interests of the Minneapolis than from the sporting element, the habitudes of the saloons, the cigar stores, and the gambling dives, now languishing "under the lid." Minneapolis has had a wave of municipal reform. The city conscience has been exercised, and vice in its manifold forms has been driven from the town, or suppressed beyond the reach of the novice. There are no curb men who now even dare to announce in a whisper chance games going on "inside," yet when the dignity of a university is loaned to the practice of betting, thousands of dollars are openly wagered in public on the results of the larger games. Operators on the Board of Trade boasted to me of betting money on local and outside college teams, and a cigar dealer on a principal street exhibited a show-case of large capacity that had been filled with bills put up on a big game. It is public knowledge that football gamblers need fear no municipal ban.

This is all a part of the Minnesota system of athletics, a product of her alliance with commercial Minneapolis.

That this gambling spirit, accentuated by the hunger for victory, has exerted itself upon the student body, and even cultivated a callous conscience among the players, is proven by the notorious "gambling sell," in connection with the Beloit game in 1903. At that time, through wagers with sporting men about the city, who were allowing ten touchdowns for Minnesota, "Jimmie" Irsfield and Earl Luce, who played quarter-back and end in this game, acting on almost certain knowledge of what the exact score would



PERCY BRUSH

Who was a "college athlete" after four years at Macalester



HENRY O'BRIEN

A professional coach who entered for just one year

### Hired a Teamster to Play

"Does Minnesota ever hire men outright?" I asked. "I don't believe any one does that any more," he replied. "Men hired in that way are not good players. We hired a laundry-wagon driver once, a big husky fellow (this man's name was Irwin), to go out and play on the team, but he was no good. The only way to take care of men is to get them jobs where they have to work. Still I remember a case in which I was deceived. I heard of a fellow and got him a \$60-a-month job. He came down, entered college, and stuck for a few days. Then he quit the team and held his job."

Commercial Minneapolis has willingly supplied berths for players. Irsfield and Hannan have been employed to go about the State soliciting business for the Northwestern Telephone Company. The manager avers that it is profitable advertising to employ football men. Former Captain Ed. Rogers was a waiter during the lunch hour at the Commercial Club, receiving a salary of \$40 monthly, and with the substitution of colored help he was succeeded by his colored team mate, "Bobby" Marshall. Rogers then went to the Minneapolis Club. "Hunk" Davies, the left half-back, held a position in the State capitol in St. Paul at \$100 a month, but found it possible to leave his work in time to travel

be, made a "killing." Coach Williams, who has admitted the truth of this account, had instructed the team to make a certain score and then practice place kicks. The information was enough for a safe bet, and the money of the players was placed, together with that of several students. The cry of "unfair play" from the gamblers went up, but a calloused collegiate conscience suffered no pang.

In the Middle West it is not uncommon to employ spies before big games. Last year Walter Page, a spy acting in an official capacity for the athletic board of the University of Minnesota, was captured at Evanston, Illinois, while spying on the Northwestern University team. Though released upon the public announcement of the Minnesota authorities that he had no connection with that institution, it is a fact that his expenses were paid by the Minnesota athletic board, and he was chosen for the task upon the advice of Coach Williams. One member of the board claims to have opposed the sending of Page to Evanston, saying that he protested with the declaration that Minnesota had "no right to send a spy." The board, however, overruled this member, and was therefore compelled to conceal its sanction when Page was caught in the Dearborn Observatory at Evanston, secretly watching the practice of the Northwestern team from a dark reading-room. In a like manner, a substitute, Robinson, who was sent to Madison before the Minnesota-Wisconsin game in 1903, was discovered while pursuing the Wis-

consin team into the country, that he might observe their style of play, and, upon the revelation of his purpose, was thrown into Lake Mendota. Robinson returned to Minneapolis to submit a bill to the athletic board for a suit of clothes which he claimed had been ruined by the ducking, but the bill was not allowed.

Arbitrary rules, one after the other, are sanctioned by the Conference, but the desire for victory remains as intense and the means of evasion become more subtle. There is space for but one pointed illustration. "Pudge" Heffelfinger, the famous old Yale guard, and an assistant coach at Minnesota, was commenting upon the decision of Professor C. A. Waldo of Purdue, who declared Percy Brush, the Minnesota tackle, to be in legitimate standing in "college athletics" after he had participated for four years at Macalester College. The arbitrator is accorded a power by the Conference which allows him to designate an institution, a "college athletically" or a "college academically," that no injustice may be done by the four-year eligibility rule. Heffelfinger said: "I am disgusted with the Brush decision. Percy Brush is a man who should never play on the Minnesota team as long as we have Conference rules. These faculty men in the Conference have established a lot of rules, and now they are trying to find a means to evade them. This idea of making a distinction between an academic and an athletic college is all pure rot. These fellows are so crazy to win that they forget what colleges are established for. I consider this de-

cision the worst blow yet given to amateur athletics. Macalester College is just as much of an athletic college as Minnesota. Such decisions will open up a field for proselyting coaches that will be unlimited."

President James Wallace of Macalester College, claiming that his institution is on a par with Minnesota in the department of Liberal Arts, and that his college has maintained a professional coach for eleven out of twelve years, declared the Brush decision to be "another illustration of the deceitful and scandalous methods that are being pursued by college athletic authorities to creep around rules which they have made for themselves." The statement of "Pudge" Heffelfinger, coming from an old player and a coach, involves a confession and a charge that is powerful. It should settle itself in the mind of Minnesota, arouse her and her rivals to a comprehension of practices that are leading to a crisis. When coaches begin to talk of the ridiculous extremes to which faculty men are going "just to win," it would seem that the present voluntary ignorant attitude on the part of faculties would become unpopular.

Victory that is gained through methods displeasing even to the rather calloused conscience of a football coach should not be the solitary athletic aim of a college. It would appear possible that it will yet devolve upon the coaches to summon up enough courage to save sane and sensible football—a task which, thus far, neither faculty nor president has dared to undertake.

# THE FOG MAIDEN

## A STORY OF SMUGGLERS ON THE PACIFIC COAST

By CLOUDESLEY JOHNS

SOMETHING screamed—the weird cry of a storm-driven sea bird, perhaps. The abalone gatherers stared disquieted into the thinning gray smother to seaward, and two of them said "Damn!" disgustedly, half-heartedly, and turned to glare in sullen reproach at Oran ("Orne" they called him). They had seen nothing, but they knew Oran had—it was always so when the fog lifted and thickened by turns where the black promontory pierced it, and disturbing sounds came in from the hidden sea: that was one of their chief grievances against him.

The mist-wreaths drifted in again; even the white froth where the waves broke loudly against the rocky bank was hidden.

"Well, Orne, what do you think you saw this time?" croaked Brad Drace, dully resentful.

"This is no white man's job," complained Peter Mozee, irrelevantly; "taint fit for none but a Chinaman." . . . Drace scowled darkly, and the reptilian little man hastened to add: "I didn't mean nothin' about *him*—"

"Shut up!" grunted Drace.

Mozee mumbled a wordless apology, abject, cringing in tone, and went on, aloud, with his complaint:

"I'm goin' to chuck it, come Sat'day. This is Sunday, ain't it, Orne? You all'ys know."

"I see it still," Oran answered Drace at last, earnestly, turning from the smothered sea to look into the big man's sombre eyes.

"A boat, and—I don't know. Haven't you ever seen it at all, Brad?"

The big man winced, turning away, and swore savagely.

"Sunday, ain't it?" insisted Mozee querulously. "Say, Orne, ain't it Sunday?"

"What?" Oran turned slowly, fixing wide, expressionless eyes on the little man, as if newly awakened from a dream-filled sleep. "Yes, oh, yes; Monday. Why?"

"I'm goin' to chuck it Sat'day," announced Mozee again.

Drace laughed cynically. "Why do you always put it Saturday?" he jeered. "Put it 'Sunday' for a change, or 'Christmas' or something. We'll all chuck the sickly graft when we get any gumption, and we're getting less and less every day, what with the fog and the screeching sea things, and Orne here with his spooks, and you, you crawling little sneak with your dough head and your everlasting 'Sat'day'!"

"There!" cried Oran. "Look, Brad! Look!"

"Hell!" muttered Brad.

The fog was thicker than ever: only in one place it seemed to be opening, or as if it had partly opened for an instant; and even as Brad Drace looked, it became like all the rest of that gray curtain that lay thickly over the booming sea.

"I know it was!" Oran's voice shrilled thinly through the fog. He kicked off his boots. "I'm goin'" he shouted.

"You crazy lunatic!" ejaculated Brad, reaching for him; but Oran was gone over the bank, and Brad Drace shrank back from the edge as if he feared the hard black rock might crumble and hurl him down where the white foam now shone luminously, dotted with dark spots.

Mozee fell on his knees with a sob of overwhelming fear, and groveled to the gray universe. "I ain't goin'

to stay here no more!" he whimpered. "I'm goin' to chuck it to-morrow."

"Christmas," corrected Brad Drace grimly. "May-be when I get clean crazy I'll have the grit to go the way Orne's gone. But you!—you scaly little lizard!—you'll crawl and squeal around the rocks here till somebody comes and digs and takes you away to hang."

Mozee screeched eerily. "You can't say I had anything to do with it! I—"

"I'll not be here to say anything—or it would be all right. . . . But you'll squirm and stutter and squeal if anybody ever comes, and make them think—"

Through the fog, from far away, came again the uncanny sea-bird cry, and then a faint shout. Brad started and stared seaward.

"He's missed that nest of rocks and swum the breakers!" he gasped. "The tide's setting out," he muttered a little later. "When I do it, sane or crazy, it'll be on the flood. And what will you do then, you whining pup? You ain't got brains enough to go crazy with, nor grit to go over the bank even if you were. And I'm going, I tell you!" his gruff voice broke and mounted to a hoarse falsetto. "I wouldn't look close this time, nor tell Orne, but a week ago, when the fog was like this day after day, I saw his spook boat. . . . And I'll see it again! . . . But when I'm crazy I'll remember. . . . On the flooding tide!"



"There!" cried Oran. "Look, Brad! Look!"

### Chapter II

A DROWNING man does not review in detail the events of his life: besides a sense of awful strangulation and the malignant power of death, his mind may hold some frayed shreds of thought which he unconsciously expands and interprets in the age-long return from infinite darkness—if he lives; and the dead do not report sensations to the world.

But a man who by and by is going to drown will meditate on the incidents of some momentous episode in his career. So it was with Oran Latimer.

The water was warm, yet he shivered, for his mind crept back through the fog that lay over the waters, to dwell in awe on the base of the cliff behind, where the waves washed through a bristle of raggedy sharp black points; and Oran's mind was filled with fright at the thought of the peril he had passed as by a miracle.

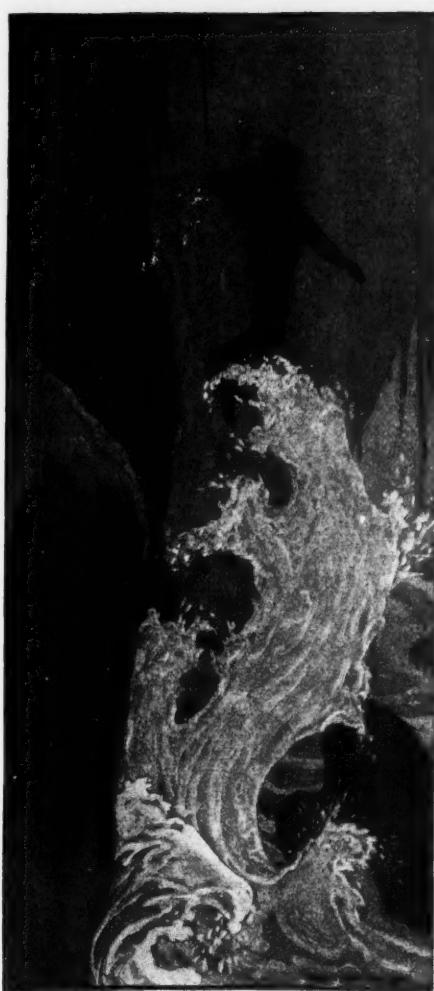
All the time, in an undercurrent of quieter thought, he knew he must drown. That death could not in press him strongly just now, for he was too much occupied with thoughts of his amazing escape from being torn to pieces on the saw-toothed rocks. Nothing immediately menaced him now; so long as he should swim no harm could come. He breathed a great sigh of relief at being ungashed and alive in the soft warm water, carried gently along by the tide, with scarcely an effort required to keep him afloat. His mind leaped back across the time of the abalone camp to the point in his life where the intolerable shadows had begun to darken swiftly (the shadows that had pursued and dwelt with him on the sea-lashed promontory. . . . And he had left them there). Point by point he followed the path of agonized despondency, and laughed a little, silently, at the causes of his despair—for they seemed almost trivial after the horror of loneliness in the presence of men, and the culminating flare of madness in the abalone camp. The phantom fog-boat was always present, drifting through his thoughts, but seemed a phantom now, and he wondered at his conviction of its reality.

Oran's train of meditation came once more to his mad leap where the waters churned themselves into foam, and again he shuddered, again relieved by a sense of peacefulness and comfort, upborne by the gently moving water. By and by he must drown, to be sure, but now he had escaped from his shadows and the loneliness and the black fangs of rocky jaws into which he had insanely sprung.

His mind was serene and peaceful, but unoccupied, and now it considered the death to come, at first with calm regret that such a happy state must end so soon, and unwillingness grew positive. He must drown, far out in the sea, the great limitless sea, all hidden; he must drown all alone in a little circle of water ringed round with a gray unsubstantial wall, with emptiness beyond; in a well, closed even from the sky by a smothering veil of mist.

Oran thought that there had been no peace, that he had been only stunned with dismay, and was but now awakened to the horror of it. He turned with frantic plunging strokes and fought the tide, gaining fast in the fresh strength of his swimming. . . . For what?

From shoreward, dully through the dense fog, came



Oran was gone over the bank

the inexorable boom of breakers. . . . The black jaws were yawning for him there.

Oran laughed: the fog was in his throat, and the laugh came thick and grating, a demoniac chuckle. A dash of spray slapped him in the mouth and stopped it.

Oran was drifting, paddling feebly to keep himself afloat, arguing affrightedly to the life that was in him, beseeching it to loose its grip on him and let him sink—now, before exhaustion should conquer him and make him die more miserably. Life shrank trembling from the suggestion of death, frantically urging the swimmer to swim on. Oran pressed his lips more tightly together, drawing in a deep breath—instinctively—and shot his hands straight up over his head. The fog thinned above and a weak white sun ray struggled through, lighting the water where he sank; he caught the sickly glow under water, and let himself rise long enough to breathe, but he only gasped, fighting against the breath; he had doubled himself into a ball and sank immediately. Life was whining and screeching through every cell and fibre of his brain. Again he came up, his wide eyes, filmy, glaring in the feeble light. He sank. Salt water burned in his throat. Coward life won the fight, as death must win in his own good time. Oran swam to the top and gasped and sobbed. There were no more connected trains of thought in his mind, only a shred of verse:

"Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Then he heard the sea-bird cry, out over the water where he was drifting. He answered it with a despairing shout, and a startled woman's voice sent back the cry.

Oran thought his will had triumphed over stupid unreasoning life, and that the dead dream.

### Chapter III

THE wild bird-note called softly, tentative, questioning, and then, with a suggestion of suspicion and alarm: "Who are you?"

Oran felt it should have been "*Where are you?*" This was no time for introductions and gossip; nothing short of elaborate explanations could give the mist-hidden boatwoman any real information, and extended discourse is difficult when one swims in the ocean while tide and wind pursue opposite courses. Oran decided that his prospective rescuer lacked tact or intelligence or something.

"I'm drowning!" he shouted. This was not true, but he thought the circumstances did not demand precision. A speech like, "I shall drown in about four hours if you don't save me," would seem absurd, and he did not wish the situation to seem absurd to anybody.

"Oh!" answered the voice from the fog, "don't! I'm coming."

Oran felt that he had startled her and was ashamed. He tried to reassure her, raising his head a little as he spoke into the gray fog (this was careless of him):

"Not really, not now, only I—" an active little wave upcurved him on the chin, and an instant later he was swamped by a white-crested comber. She heard with alarm the choking gurgle which closed his observations for the moment, and then listened in the silence. After waiting three seconds she screamed.

"It's all right—I'm all right," spluttered Oran, swimming carefully and rising as the rollers bowed toward him.

"Don't try to talk, you'll drown!" she cried. "Did you sink? Where are you?"

"Here—somewhere in the fog. You're coming closer. Don't worry about me." He spoke the words staccato in runs of three or four with spaces between.

A boat loomed suddenly in the fog, shadowy, big, like a mastless schooner. It was a light skiff. He swam fast, sideways, to dodge it, and then reached up to grab the bow while it was yet five feet away. He coughed out a swear word under water, and his mouth filled with salt, and the girl screamed again. . . . It was a girl; he saw that as he lifted his head over the skiff's stern, in spite of the salt water that filled his eyes and throat. The boat had turned broadside to wind and waves; a whitecap nosed under it and turned it far over on its side. Oran listened for the fog maiden to scream again, but she dipped her ears calmly, backing water with the left and pulling the right with a strong stroke. The boat swung bow on to the seas.

"How did you come here?" the girl asked him curiously.

"I—I fell—off the point in there. Somehow I missed the rocks."

A look of fear came into her eyes. "Then you are one of them!" she cried.

"One of whom?" he returned, bewildered. "The abalone gatherers? Did you know we were there? Do you—"

"Don't lie to me!" she commanded sharply, and looked with stern reproof into his wondering eyes.

He was very much frightened and looked her over with a calm, speculative gaze. His eyes wandered from her damp brown hair, waving heavily in the wind, over a throat smoothly rounded, bare and white, glistening with moisture; then his glance went swiftly back to her eyes with their reproving, indignant look. . . . And they had changed—reproachful now. They were brown near the centre, he noticed as he leaned forward a little, and the outer circle of the pupil was gray-green. They were still changing—or the fog was thickening before them. "Wonderful eyes!" thought Oran. His own traveled downward again, over a form to which a mist-dampened dress clung closely. The figure was not heavy, yet told of strength; it was sinuous, and the smooth muscles swelled and flowed under the strain of rowing. Far stronger than in repose, it could seem, but never rigid; strong enough to be graceful in effort. The girl's limbs were round as her throat.

She stopped rowing, though her oars dipped now and then to steady the boat. Oran looked up; he was going to look into her eyes again, but his glance was held at her breast. It was heaving as the sea swells and sinks long after a storm, not with the labored breathing of exertion. . . . The fog maiden was crying.

Oran was torn with remorse for whatever he had done to hurt her; he wanted to grovel in the bottom of the skiff and make her feel sorry for him in his woe.

"Oh, please don't!" he blurted out. "I wouldn't do anything to trouble you—" He broke off and moved back in the stern sheets. There were tears pendent from her lashes, but the moisture on her eyes made them only more disconcerting as they withered him with proud scorn.

"Shall I get overboard and drown?" he asked humbly, as if craving permission to serve her in that way.

She became more scornful, and looked long into his eyes. Presently she began rowing again, absently, and her gaze grew reflective, inquiring. By and by she shook her head impatiently.

"You don't look like—" The fog maiden sighed and shook her head slowly. "You don't," she asserted with conviction, and then, pensively, "I wonder why you do it."

Oran felt utterly crushed. That she should apparently detest him had been bad enough, but her gentle sorrowing over his vileness gave him the feeling that somehow he must be very vile indeed. There was such an air of finality about what she assumed that he could not feel that he had the faintest shadow of right to ask her to explain. The data on which was based her estimate were unknown to him, but they were obviously sufficient to her mind—therefore sufficient. Oran began searching his soul for monstrous defects, but ceased abruptly as it occurred to him that he should say something to this maid of the fogs.

"I—I really don't mind drowning if you wish it," he assured her earnestly.

She shook her head, answering dreamily, "No, I don't." Then, suddenly throwing off her pensiveness, she asked with melancholy interest:

"What did you do to poor Ling?"

"What? Who?" he asked, puzzled. . . . "Oh! the Chinaman? Oh!" His face lighted up with joyous relief. "Oh, I had nothing at all to do with it: he was dead before I ever saw or even heard of him."

"Dead!" The boat swung half around, and she steadied it. "You don't mean you killed him? Oh, why?" She seemed only amazed.

Oran's bewilderment returned, deeper than ever. Having once believed the explanation of her attitude had appeared to him, he felt that he must find the true one. At the same time it occurred to him that he was being impelled toward treachery to Brad Drace, and must keep watch of his impulses.

"The Chinaman was dead when we—when I came."

"Oh, then you sent his body?" She seemed scarcely even interested in Ling now, but very much puzzled over something.

"Sent! . . . We buried it."

This appeared to surprise the fog maiden.

"But shouldn't you have sent it?"

"They'd have thought we had murdered him; and why should we, anyhow?"

The fog maiden looked at him dubiously through half-closed eyes and asked:

"But don't—why, I thought they gave you the privilege of murdering people?"

"They? Who?"

"The ones that sent you," she retorted impatiently. "Are you trying to deceive me?" She put the question regretfully.

"Nobody sent me," he replied, wonderingly. "Nobody sent us; we just came. I was—" (he paused for a moment, at a loss for words to briefly describe the mental state that had led him to fly from his shadows to this bleak coast) "melancholy mad," he concluded. "You understand?" She had leaned toward him, now dipping the oars gently, watching him eagerly, her lips slightly parted. He knew that, by intuition, she had grasped the essence of what was in his mind, and sympathetically. A thousand subtle thoughts came to him in an instant, all for the delectation of the fog maiden, yet he uttered none of them, but sought to drive home his justification to her mind:

"I came here by the merest accident. Why did you think I was sent? Who did you think?"

She gave a glad little cry, and smiled brightly. Oran's eyes shone with delight: it seemed wonderful that she should smile.

"I should have known," the girl said gently. "I knew you had suffered, and—and understand things. I wonder if you could understand me—truly? And I'm only a foolish, frightened woman—and I was so frightened!" She laughed gayly, and he laughed with her in joyousness, though he did not know why.

Words came to him: he had thought it out and could tell her. She believed—believed in him, without knowledge. That was glorious! But he was the more anxious that she should know as well as understand.

"I was melancholy mad," he repeated, and paused a moment: he was considering whether he should explain, but he remembered that what had made her suspect him of being something contemptible followed that point. He would content himself with indicating



A boat loomed suddenly in the fog

the darkness that had been about him, trusting her intuition, and recount the later circumstances. "With my spirit rasped and raw, I had to place my very sanity at the mercy of persons without sensibility, trusting to the understanding of persons emotionally blind—"

"Oh! I know, I know!" she cried.

"I had to escape. I thought I could escape. I thought it was those persons that were driving me into madness, and partly it was true; but most of my torment, I found, I carried within me, and there was no escape. I became a sort of tramp, moving restlessly, hurrying to get away from what I carried always with me. I fell in by chance with Peter Mozee. He was mean and narrow in every trait and every thought, but he was in trouble, an outcast, and I instantly felt a bond of kinship between the wretch and myself."

"I understand," she told him.

"I know you do, and it is wonderful! We came by chance, in our wanderings, to that bleak point of rock.

"It suited me, for it fitted my mood; it suited Mozee, for it was far from the haunts of police and all the guardians of law. Yet I know we would not have stayed if we had not found Drace there. That was strange! Drace is a strong man, and the only fear in him is a fear of the mysterious; even that he can fight down so that few would suspect it."

"You," she said.

"I, yes; I could see it."

"For you see the soul of things."

"It was strange what could hold him there," Oran went on with his narrative. "He wanted to stay, to gather abalones. . . . The Chinaman had gathered abalones; we gathered abalones. We stayed, Mozee and I, because Drace was there and wanted to stay. We could not like him, each for a different reason, but, each in a different way, we felt his strength, and in our own weakness we needed it . . . Even though there was no shred of emotional sympathy between us, nor between any two, we needed each other. We became necessary, in a way, to Drace—or I did, at least. We stayed there more than five months. I was counting the days, though nothing seemed to lie beyond them for me; but strength and vague aspiration were returning to my mind, and the torment dying out. Yet I thought I was going mad more than ever. The mystery! Three times I saw your boat mistily. And to-night I had to seek it through the breakers and the fog." His voice ceased, but his eyes spoke still: they fixed themselves on hers, the unreasoning joy of his soul glowing in them.

A wave of rosy color passed up from her round white throat, spreading for an instant on cheek and brow, and was gone; a new fear, but not cold and terrible, was being born in her. Oran saw that he had startled her, and turned away self-consciously.

"The breakers are near," he said.

The girl flashed a half-startled but amused glance at him, and saw then that he was gazing in all unconsciousness toward the mist-wrapped coast. She bit her lip and smiled.

"Yes," she said, "very near. There is a landing close by that I know."

"But how?" he demanded in amaze. "The fog!"

"It does not mother the sound of the waves where they strike. Listen! There—and there. How different. That is how I know my little harbor."

The light under the fog, which had been cold gray, turned blue, for the evening was come. Ahead of the boat a vast black wall loomed up, its top lost in the fog above. The girl, listening intently to the boom of the surf, turned once to look, and then rowed steadily. The skiff seemed, to Oran, to drive against the wall, and that to open. A huge breaker shot the little boat far up the narrow inlet it had entered, and left it grounded there. The girl shipped her oars and stepped out, carrying the painter and making it fast to a point of rock.

"Come," she said, holding out her hand. Oran took it, and his nerves tingled at the touch.

Up through a winding passage she led him in silence to the cliff top; and there they stood together for a while, still silent.

"Your friends," began the fog maiden at last, and paused a moment. "No, not friends, are they? And it is not good for you to be there, is it? Don't I know? You came—you told me why."

"But—I came—I do not know why—but now—"

The fog maiden checked the eager flow of words with a gesture. "But now you will listen to me and do what I tell you," she said softly.

The fog was sinking to the sea, and to eastward it was already cleared away; Venus shone there alone, the evening star, pale in a blue sky. The girl watched it brighten while the short Western twilight deepened. She was pensive, dreamy again.

"There," she told him, "under the Venus star, there is a town where men with small ideals pursue them by means society approves. My father has great ideals. . . . Like you—like—you—he has been melancholy mad, and—" The fog maiden sighed deeply, her eyes fixed unwaveringly on the evening star. "You will go now, there, and beyond—where you will in the world. But be brave. . . . And tell me your name, so I shall hear it some day and be proud that I—that I saved you when you would have drowned."

"Oran Latimer," he responded disconsolately.

"Oran—Latimer," she repeated. "Good-by."

"No, no!" he cried, grasping her hands, drawing her toward him.

"Don't!" she pleaded, and turned her face away.

"Tell me why! Tell me, tell me, tell me!" he demanded.

"Don't," she repeated dully. "Don't ask me now. If—by and by—you do—know—" the fog maiden was whispering; "then, perhaps, you will—find me again. If you will not go—Oran—stay here till you are ready to go—toward the star; but you must not follow me, you must not come back. I trust you, and you would not have me feel that I could not do that. Good-night."

## Chapter IV

ORAN forgot the evening star and the town; his thoughts flashed through the world beyond from time to time and dwelt on the things he would do there for her sake. His spirits soared like mounting eagles, and dropped like eagles when they told their wings and swoop toward earth again. Nothing he could plan was great enough—or, in the depression that succeeded to moments of wildest exaltation, he



The skiff seemed to drive against the wall

saw it beyond his power to achieve. Then he would brood, seeing his fog maiden drift away, swallowed up in the mists forever, and the world turned gray and worthless in his eyes. In such moments Oran dragged himself listlessly over the brush-covered rocky ground, careless of direction, and in another moment he would lift his eyes to where the rising star shone brightly in a blue-black sky, and the night air around him grew warm with the brilliance of his splendid dreams.

So, blindly, dazzled or in cold darkness, Oran came by midnight to the town and stood amazed that he had chanced to find it. All his fancies were suddenly chilled and dead. He was exhausted; his brain was hot and sluggish from strain and need of sleep; inwardly he was burned with thirst, while his muscles shivered with the cold.

There was a hotel in the place. Oran wondered how he had found it as he stood before the door, rolling his aching head from side to side, a foolish smile on his lips, but no light in his closing eyes. He was aware of noise, and that he was making it; of lights and maddening questions that jarred cruelly in his heated brain; of a long nightmare journey on stairways; water to drink, cool and delicious; a bed to which he staggered, and . . . Sunlight, awakening, a sense of awful loss and—recollection.

"We know it wasn't all abalones," some one was saying in a voice that seemed to come from far away, from distant ages through endless years of harsh experience. It seemed long, then, that he struggled to expel the slowly clearing mists of sleep with a sense of some momentous duty neglected, some monstrous evil impending, which he must awake at once to avert. In reality, the words that came to his clouded consciousness, setting his nerves jangling, startled him wide awake almost on the instant.

"The sacks that big fellow brought in here and shipped (when he said the Chinaman had pulled out,

you know), they were straight abalones, all right; so, after all, it might be the monkey did get scared and skip, and that that fellow didn't have anything to do with the stuff."

"The Chinaman skip and leave fifteen hundred pounds—!" cried another voice in disbelief.

"Or maybe a ton. Well, if it was brought out, none of it was put on the market, or we'd have known it in 'Frisco. We do know one batch was brought out, marketed, and another landed; besides that, a straight tip that there's more coming. It's taken a long time to find out where it came from—where it was landed, I mean—after the 'Frisco market showed that a tidy bit had come through somewhere, but we've got things dead to rights now, all right." A hall door opened and closed, and the voice greeted some one entering the room next to Oran's. "Hello, Mac! It's all dead easy, as I was explaining to the constable here—this is the local constable, Mac, and we've got to have him to help us through; he knows all we need that I haven't found out. He knows the place, and that's the main thing now. I only introduced myself to him this morning, though I've known him six weeks. Ha, ha! I've been working on the quiet, Mac."

Oran heard Mac's voice: "You'll go down there today, then?"

"The constable and I, this afternoon; we don't want to get there till late at night, and it's only twelve miles. No arrests, I guess, till they try to run the next batch. It's sure to come."

"And the girl you wrote about?" It was Mac speaking.

"Somebody's ghost story, maybe, though—hey, Constable?"

Oran had crept across his room, but stopped now at the door. What the constable answered he did not hear, for it was only a murmur. Oran opened the door and went softly down the stairs.

"Opium, of course," he reflected. "And that's what Brad killed the Chinaman for, and then he didn't find it after all. Does she think that would stop me?" He laughed quietly to himself while hesitating between the dining-room and the outer door; hesitation ended in the conclusion that breakfast was necessary. It was ten o'clock and he found the dining-room empty. Oran ate and told cheerful lies to a curious waiter.

## Chapter V

ORAN went first to the abalone camp, for the immediate danger was to his late companions. There was still daylight when he reached it, but thick and gray with fog. The little cabin where he had lived for five months in loneliness with Brad Drace and Peter Mozee was empty, and he walked out to the edge of the cliff. There was no one but himself on the bleak promontory. His late partners could not be down on the rocks after abalones, he decided; the tide had been flooding for more than an hour. Had they gone away? He hoped so. He did not want to see them at all any more and was glad that his warning was not needed.

Now, where was the fog maiden? Oran thought the narrow fissure in the cliff was some distance north, but he reflected that he had no tangible data to base such a conclusion on; it might be south. Also, north and south, there were a hundred such fissures, though few of them went down below water-level at high tide. He decided to go north, looking carefully along the cliff; there would be plenty of time to come back and try the other way. So he went north, past the spot where the Chinaman was buried, but he did not pass it at once; for, where the ground had been carefully leveled and smoothed to conceal any indication of a grave, there was now a mound, and at one end stood a bit of plank like a headstone. Oran read the inscription, burned into the wood with the heated point of an iron bar, and then he went back to look down into the foam-filled black jaws through which he himself had passed alive. . . . For this was the inscription on the wooden headstone:

TWO DIRTY YELLOW THINGS ARE UNDER HERE.  
I'VE DONE THAT MUCH FOR THE WORLD.  
ORAN WENT OUT ON THE EBB. I'M CRAZY TOO.  
ANYBODY THAT KILLED PETER WOULD GO CRAZY.  
BUT I WAIT FOR THE FLOODING TIDE.

For a few minutes Oran wandered about the promontory, brooding, returning again and again to stare down at the saw-toothed rocks piercing a bank of foam. At last he went away, north, unconsciously practicing a weird sound with his throat and lips. Suddenly he threw off the fit of sombre abstraction, and knew what sound he was essaying; he uttered it loudly, clumsily—the sea bird cry. A rippling laugh, close by in the fog, answered him.

"You do it very poorly, Oran," said the fog maiden.

"Oh!" he cried, anxious and hurried now he had found her. "They are coming—detectives!"

"Let them come," she returned serenely. "We'll sail away in our skiff, through the fog."

"But—your father?"

"He came to-day. He is gone now, safe."

"But—you?"

"Oh, I!" The fog maiden laughed happily at his bewilderment. "I waited for you," she whispered.

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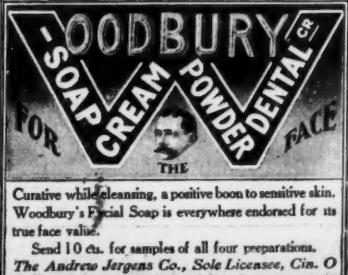
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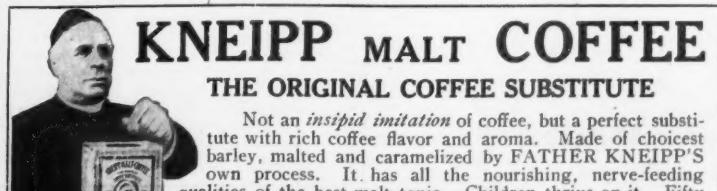
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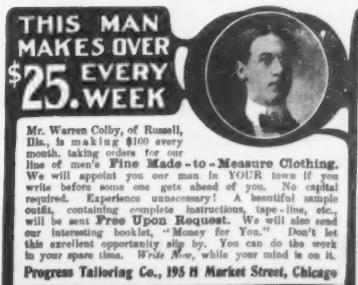


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**SECTARIANISM AND THE SCHOOL**

By R. A. White

The pastor of the Chicago Stewart Avenue Unitarian Church discusses the issue which is foremost in both French and Canadian politics to-day, and which crystallizes in an unorganized agitation in many of our American cities

**SECTARIAN** versus public schools, an issue which ought to have been dead and buried long ago, shows signs of life again. It has lately reappeared in a semi-virulent form in Chicago, and it has been made a primary political issue in Canada. There is the same old-time recklessness of statement on the part of the foes of the public schools, and the same brazen disregard of facts.

Among other things is the familiar denunciation of the schools as godless and irreligious. If the foes of the public schools mean that they are not sectarian, agreed; this is greatly to their credit. Schools are not necessarily godless or irreligious because they are not managed by Presbyterianism, Catholicism, or some other ism. The fact is the public schools were never more earnest in their endeavors to reach the holy things of the child nature, and to inculcate principles of right conduct, than at present, and they are succeeding. To maintain that the influence of our schools is irreligious is a gratuitous insult to the thousands of devoted Christian school teachers the continent over. It is to be suspected that those who insist upon the irreligiousness of our public schools somehow confuse creed and deed, a theory of religion with its spirit. Our schools in the main are life-givers. They teach no "ism," no particular creed, but they do surround the child with cultural and spiritual influences which constitute the most vital elements of religion. Talking botany to a seed will not make it sprout, nor does teaching a particular theology make a child a Christian. That the schools do not teach the favorite religious theories of this or that church is no sign at all that they are irreligious. We certainly need conscience as well as brain. We are not overburdened with a sense of our obligation to righteousness. We are victimized by educated knaves as well as by ignorant ones. But people need not fall into the error of confusing sectarianism with religion, or ungodliness with the absence of church control.

**CLEVELAND'S SUICIDE COMMISSION**

By Frederick C. Howe

Mr. Howe is a member of the committee of which he writes. He is the author of several books on government, and is a member of the Ohio State Senate

WITHIN a comparatively few months, eighty-six persons have committed suicide in the city of Cleveland. This was during the period of general prosperity. To fix the cause, and, if possible, apply a cure, is the work of the Suicide Commission which Mayor Johnson has recently created.

A surprisingly large number of confessions of contemplated suicides have already come to the committee. Those thus far investigated have been found to be genuine. The universal cause is despondency, a conviction that life has ceased to offer any adequate returns for the struggle—a feeling that, whatever the future may hold, the present is unendurable. A great majority of the cases are traceable to industrial causes, continued inability to secure work, a consequent loss of self-respect, and a feeling of social inferiority. The industrial wreckage in our large cities is very great even in periods of prosperity, and inability to catch on, to find a job, to fit into the competitive struggle, produces a sense of weariness and despondency that leads to suicide. While cities have erected hospitals for the correction of disease, no effort has been made to relieve the industrial by-product that is crushed to earth by competition.

A second cause of despondency is drink, with which is allied domestic unhappiness. But the drink evil is chiefly industrial, so that the Commission's conclusions, so far, point to the economic explanation as chiefly responsible.

As to the corrective, the Commission has as yet reached no conclusions. If the cause is correctly assigned, relief lies in offering opportunity to work to self-respecting persons temporarily in need. Cleveland has adopted this policy in its workhouse and infirmary. Instead of housing its unfortunates in city prisons, the city has purchased a fifteen hundred acre farm and placed its dependent classes at work in the country. The city has substituted sunlight, fresh air, and contact with Mother Earth as a surer means of reform to the vagabond and the industrially unfit than the prison cell of the old-style infirmary. It is possible that a similar programme will be suggested for those who are temporarily unable to catch on in the industrial struggle, where failure leads to despondency, loss of self-respect, and ultimate self-destruction.

**CAN THE SWORD SECURE DEMOCRACY?**

By Hiram W. Thomas

As the author of "Origin and Destiny of Man," and as the pastor for twenty-five years of the People's Church of Chicago, Dr. Thomas has a peculiar right to interpret the ethical forces in government

IN the tribal ages wars were almost continuous. As the stronger conquered the weaker, kingdoms arose, the chieftains became the rulers of military despotisms. Militarism and imperialism have gone together. Royalty and the throne have rested upon the sword. That is the explanation of the strange fact that the many have always been under the power of the few.

The genius of Democracy is not only radically different from, but diametrically opposed to, the imperialistic. Democracy and industrialism walk hand in hand. The appeal is not to force, but to reason and to social justice, to the will that wills the sovereignty of the people. Democracy exalts the dignity of man and affirms the equality of his rights. This was the star note of liberty struck by our fathers. They asked no concessions from royalty, but demanded the rights of man, and, appealing to the courts of earth and heaven, they fought and won the battles for independence, and then went forth to give effective form to the principles of liberty in the constitution of a democratic government.

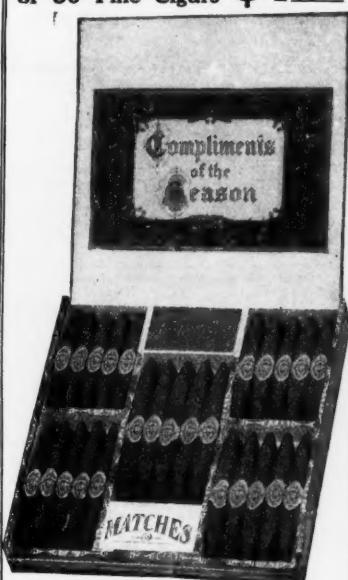
We can never "secure democracy by the sword." In driving the old and moribund monarchy of Spain from our shores, we made possible the republic of Cuba, and were true to our sacred memories and traditions. Had we dealt thus nobly by the Philippines, another star would be shining in the brighter sky of the free and our honor unclouded, but we fell—fell from our high place among the nations as the friend and defender of liberty.

There is no halfway ground between democracy and imperialism. They are mutually exclusive. Where the one is the other can not be. Government by force from without is imperialism. Democracy is the self-chosen, self-enforced government of the free. A democracy secured by the sword is such only in name. To conquer a free people and govern them by force contradicts the fundamental principles of democracy, and is to become in fact imperialism. Rome carried the name long after it ceased to be a republic. The sword may defend from outside assaults, but within democracy rests securely in the strength of its own principles.

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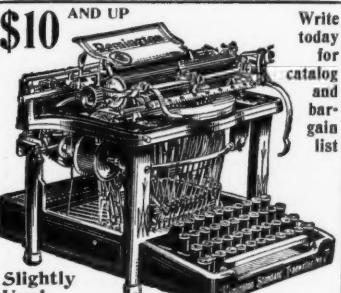
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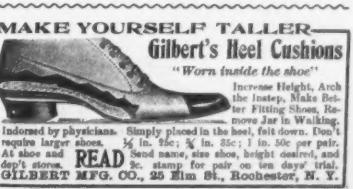


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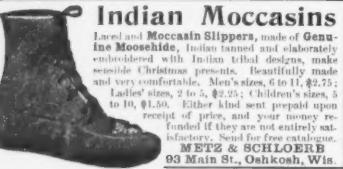
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# Editorial Bulletin

New York, Saturday, December Second, Nineteen Hundred and Five

## Our Christmas Stories

DURING the coming four weeks,—the holiday weeks,—we shall give up as many of our pages as possible to fiction and pictures. We have been saving the best of our short stories for these issues,—for the Christmas Number and the other numbers that come out around Christmas time. The Christmas Number will appear on the 16th, and will be preceded by the December Fiction Number, next week, and followed by the Household Number on the 30th, with the issue of the 23d falling in between. So there will be plenty of room for stories, and we are happy to say that we have more good stories than there is room for.

### Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom

FOUR of the tales which we promise for this month deal with youngsters. They are not by any means what is generally understood as "children's stories," although each one treats of the adventure of a child,—but it is an adventure of the heart, of the fancy, or, perhaps better, of the humanness of the child, which we all of us still have with us in memory,—if we ever were real children. There is little Rasselas in Mrs. Pangborn's "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom," who tired of the Happy Valley and fled from the Mustn't-touch-Library over the wall, into the Vegetable Kingdom, where he met the Princess Inez—and then follows a charming little love-story, moving away on into the days of grown-up. The pictures, by Miss Jessie Willcox Smith, reproduced in color, are as dainty as the thread of the story itself. This story was one of the nine from among which the judges selected the winner of the \$5,000 prize contest last year.

### The Signs of the Stars, and "Tannhauser McGinnis"

SOMEWHAT similar in its imaginative charm is Owen Oliver's "The Signs of the Stars." A little girl had a baby brother, who, she thought, had gone to the stars above. But the angels who wink from up there to the little folk here below justified the little girl's faith; and she had a Christmas that year which was just the kind of Christmas that all little girls have who really believe in the angels and are constant in their childish faith. Somewhat closer to the realities of everyday life is Mr. Melville Chater's "The Miracle of Tannhauser McGinnis." Little McGinnis had convictions of his own, and being a sturdy young American, set forth on Christmas Eve to find him a Christmas tree. If you are familiar with the motif of Tannhäuser you may guess what happened to little McGinnis, but whether you are or not, there is joy in the reading of his adventures. The story is illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

### Billy Boy

QUITE unlike any of the others is Mr. John Luther Long's story of "Billy Boy." Billy was a little man with a big heart. He loved his father very much, and his father loved him very, very much; but his father had not learned, in all his years, what Billy Boy knew at the beginning,—and Billy Boy had to teach his father a great truth. It was a hard lesson for Billy's father to learn, and it was a heavy task for Billy Boy,—but it came out all right, and Billy was happy and his father was happy; and if all the world were made of Billy Boys, how happy we all should be.

### For the Blood is the Life

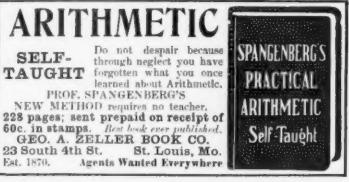
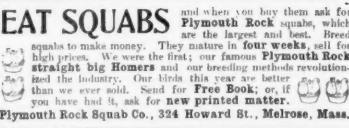
BUT we can not always be children; and we can not always read of youth and happiness. There are other stories to be told,—grim ones as well as gay ones. Mr. F. Marion Crawford's "For the Blood is the Life" is a grim tale. Its atmosphere is weird and dark; its theme is ghostly. He takes us to an old castle on the Calabrian coast; he shows us a spectre such as we have never heard of before; he unravels a mystery before our eyes, which he leaves at last as tightly tangled as it ever was,—for there is the Thing; and even though it has been exorcised it is still there. "For the Blood is the Life" will take its place with "The Upper Berth." It is fully as fascinating; it is Mr. Crawford at his best. The story has been illustrated by Mr. Walter Appleton Clark and the pictures will be reproduced in color.

### The Wolf of the City

ANOTHER strong story,—a story of our own land and people,—is "The Wolf of the City," by Edwin Balmer. It is an incident of newspaper life, a character-study of the star reporter—one of those whom we have come to look upon as willing to commit almost any breach that will redound to the yellow credit of his journal. This reporter, this "wolf," has a great case—a scandal. He is so inwrapped in it that he abandons a big assignment to call on the woman in the case. The woman in the case is a good woman, and the "wolf" gets ideas of journalism which he never had before. There are strong situations in this story and character-drawing far beyond the average.

### Agamemnon and the Fall of Troy

FOR humor among the holiday stories, we have several tales, and chief among them is a Christmas story by Henry Wallace Phillips, "Agamemnon and the Fall of Troy." It has nothing to do with Agamemnon the son of Atrides, nor with the destruction of King Priam's city. It is a thoroughly modern, American, Western tale,—quite clear of mythology. Agamemnon G. Jones is the hero, and he compasses the downfall of Mr. Troy, a dishonest person. Hence the Homeric title. The wit, the metaphor, the dialogue are of Mr. Phillips's gayest. We all must acknowledge that this author has made that peculiar field his own. The illustrations are by A. B. Frost.



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